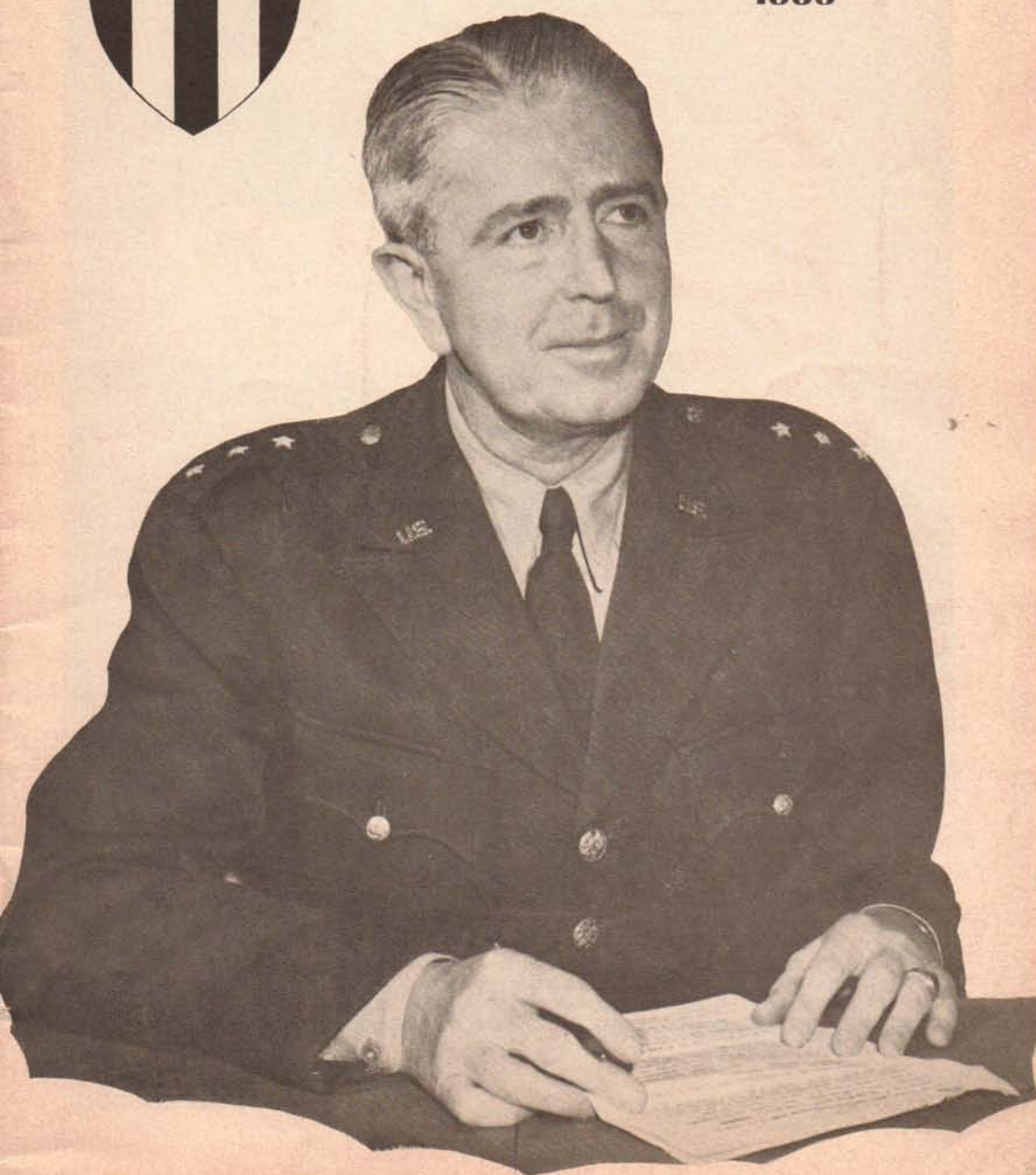


Ex-CBI Roundup

—CHINA—BURMA—INDIA—



**MAY
1955**





CHINESE TROOPS of the 169th Division and the 11th Reserve Division, 29th Chinese Army, cross battered bridge to reoccupy Kweilin after the Japanese withdrawal. U.S. Army photo, July/45.

Chinese Re-Occupy Kweilin

WHEN THE JAPANESE retreated from Kweilin in 1945, there was very little left standing that was not at best severely damaged. This photo shows the Chinese marching in to reoccupy the city. Perhaps the most interesting part about this picture is the incredible way in which the Chinese army carried almost every piece of supply and equipment with them, with seldom use of motor vehicles. With close study you will note these Chinese carrying a vast assortment of weapons, ammunition, food and miscellaneous supplies. Only two Americans are visible in the picture. U.S. Army photo.

EX-CBI ROUNDUP

CHINA · BURMA · INDIA

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May, 1955

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Letter FROM The Editor . . .

● There are so many good books for CBI-ers these days that Boyd Sinclair, Roundup's Book Review Editor, has made a change in policy that is sure to agree with and present a more complete service for CBI-ers. By briefing the reviews to plain facts, without opinions, we are able to bring more books to your attention in each issue.

● This month's cover subject is General Albert C. Wedemeyer, Deputy Chief of Staff, Southeast Asia Command; Commanding General, U.S. Forces, China Theater; Chief of Staff to Generalissimo Chiang kai-Shek during the war. Old China Hands will remember General Wedemeyer was President Roosevelt's replacement for General Stilwell, when the latter was recalled to the Zone of Interior.

● We're delighted to announce that at the time we go to press we already have 13 reservations for the "Pilgrimage to India." Many, many more have stated their intentions of going but not yet made their reservations. In this issue we're featuring a brief glance into the personalities of some who will be making the tour. In next issue we'll publish more. We hope you'll be one of those making this trip of a lifetime!

● Roundup's "Bazaar of India" has opened for business. We are featuring on another page a few items at below retail prices for Roundup readers only. If you have some special item in mind, that is made in India, drop us a line and if we don't have it we will be happy to get it for you.

MAY, 1955



Gen Wingate Story

● On page 4 of the April issue you published a photo of General Wingate, head of the Chindit force in Burma. Although he was a British general, he was well-known and admired by the U.S. forces. How's about a story on him one of these days?

RUSSELL L. PLOCK,
Richmond, Va.

One coming up soon. —
Ed.

CBI Pilot Killed

● The pilot of an air force plane which crashed in March into a mountain in Formosa, killing all 14 aboard, was Major Ray Veach. He served in CBI after which he flew a transport during the Berlin airlift. Later on he flew with the Flying Tiger Airline for a year before being called back to active duty with the air force.

GERALD WRIGHT,
Des Moines, Ia.

707th Engineers

● Please find check for two-year subscription. I was a member of the 707th Engineer Petroleum Distribution Co. stationed at Kalai-kunda.

V. W. McKNAB,
Winfield, Kans.

Roundup welcomes Senator McNab to its growing lists.—Ed.

Trip to Assam

● Some unknown friend was good enough to subscribe to your interesting magazine for me, and I've enjoyed reading the last two issues, especially because I recently made a trip back to Assam, revisiting all our old bases, not excluding Hastings Mill.

Col. ROBERT B. WHITE,
Scarsdale, N. Y.

'Dusty Den' Gal

● Enclosed is a subscription for Marjorie Clough who was in charge of "Dusty Den," Red Cross hut at the Malir Air Base, India. Am enclosing a picture taken at Dusty Den Nov. 19, 1944, at Sunday morning coffee hour in honor of General Haddon who was recently injured in a gun mishap, according to Round-up. Miss Clough is now personal secretary to Congresswoman Francis Bolton from Ohio.

WM. E. CANTRELL,
Akron 4, Ohio

472nd Truck Regt.

● My wife, the former Jean Faul of Gauhati and Shillong, and I enjoy the magazine. Would love to hear from former members of the 472nd Truck Regt. and the 82nd QM Bn. I was one of the "docs" attached to them.

EDWARD W. HOPE,
Madeira, Ohio

FELIX A. RUSSELL

Patent Lawyer

MEMBER OF

General Stilwell Basha

Record of Invention Forms

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Washington, D.C.



DOUBLE-DECKER third-class bus competes with ox carts and taxis on Calcutta's Dharamtalla street.

3rd Combat Cargo

● Official proceedings, unofficial national convention, 10th Combat Cargo Sq., 3rd C.C. Group, held at the Tropa-copa Bar, Miami, Fla., Jan. 17, 1955. Members in attendance, Frank W. Sessler, former club officer and sometimes pilot; John G. Goodell, former latrine orderly and sometimes pilot. I wish to report to former members of the squadron that Frank is beginning to show the ravages of the bottled goods (Howard's rum and Carew's Booze for Flying Crews) that he procured and foisted off on his comrades-in-arms.

JOHN G. GOODELL,
E. Lansing, Mich.

Opposite Opinion

● Would like to say that my opinion of Roundup is the opposite of that expressed by Gerald Mahady in the March issue. I have watched the magazine grow since I first subscribed in 1947 and think that the reason for its success is that it has concentrated on reminiscing our mutual experiences in CBI. We all have some CBI experiences worth remembering. I have many memories of my two years of flying to all corners of the theatre with the 803rd Air Evacuation Sq. I suggest that any who feel as Mahady does visit their local news stands where they should be able to find plenty of papers and magazines discussing the current world situation and the politics connected with it. You, Mr. Editor, keep our Roundup as it is now!

CLIFFORD J. EMLING,
Cleveland, Ohio

475th Vet. Det.

● Would like to see more about the 475th Infantry and something about the Veterinary personnel attached thereto. Was with the Vet. Det., 1st Bn., 475th Infantry, then on April 1, 1945, flew The Hump into Kunming and was at the FATC Veterinary Hospital until Oct. 1945. Sure miss the good old days.

JIM W. WERST,
Anaconda, Mont.



COFFEE HOUR honoring General Haddon at Malir's "Dusty Den." Seated are: 1. Col. Miller; 2. Maj. Cantrell; 3. Lt. Schwartz; 4. Maj. Lambert; 5. Marjorie Clough; 6. Gen. Haddon. U.S. Army photo.

"We're Going on The Tour!"

THERE'S GREAT excitement among the men and women who have entered their reservations for Roundup's fabulous 'round-the-world "Pilgrimage to India" next October! And small wonder, for even those who won't be with us must confess it's the adventure of a lifetime!

The purpose of this feature is to acquaint members of the tour party with each other. Also, to give Roundup's readers a glimpse into the personalities who will comprise the group.

Roundup has asked these CBI-ers for the information and photos contained below. Each was asked to tell why he signed up for the Pilgrimage. We believe you'll find the personality sketches of these few very interesting.

PAUL BURGE

Paul Burge served from 1944 to 1945 at CBI Headquarters Post Exchange at New Delhi. Since discharge from the Army he has been engaged in the retail hardware business at Ft. Worth, Texas. Of the tour Paul says: "The Pilgrimage to India is a chance of a lifetime to visit the various ports of call around the world, and it is with very pleasant expectation that I look forward to renewing friendships developed during my service."



Paul Burge

G. COURTNEY CAMPBELL

G. Courtney Campbell was Adjutant of the 54th Air Service Group at Tezgaon. After return to inactive status he resumed operation of the Campbell-Elsey Co., Mechanical and Electrical Engineers, in Salt Lake City, Utah. He is also President and Manager of the Imperial Uranium Co. Accompanying Mr. Campbell on Roundup's 'round-the-world tour will be his wife and two friends, Mr. & Mrs. Alton Mayers of Paradise Valley, Nev. Of the tour Mr. Campbell says: "We spend a considerable amount of time at our Las Vegas Ranch in Paradise Valley, Nev. We have some close friends living nearby, the Alton Mayers. We have often discussed a trip to the Orient and as Mayers is a fraternity brother of mine and a veteran of the First World War, we felt he would appreciate an invitation on this junket. They are as interested as we are in making plans for the tour. Alton Mayers has

been a rancher, outdoorsman and explorer, and his wife is equal to any occasion. I am sure they will be most acceptable to the CBI group. I believe the principal reason we decided to go on the tour was that we could be assured of congenial company with a group who knew their way about outside the United States. We are all looking forward with great anticipation to an interesting six weeks."

MORRIS KAPLAN, M.D.

Dr. Morris Kaplan was commanding officer of the 803rd Medical Air Evacuation Group at Chabua, India ("You remember — the outfit with all the pretty flight nurses and the swimming pool!"). The 803rd collected the sick and wounded from all over China-Burma and India and flew them to hospitals. Dr. Kaplan, an



Dr. and Mrs. Morris Kaplan

eye specialist in Denver, will be accompanied on the Pilgrimage by his wife. With reference to the tour Dr. Kaplan says: "We of the 803rd really had a wonderful time in India and felt we did a lot of good, too. That was a 'round-the-world job since we sailed across the Pacific and flew back across the Atlantic. In almost every letter I wrote home during my tour over in CBI I promised my wife that some day I would take her right back there with me. This opportunity to do so, and with fellow CBI-ers is something I've dreamed about for these past 10 years. The nature of my job was such that I covered all of India very frequently and this Pilgrimage certainly covers it! We both are tremendously excited about the tour. Naturally it will be the most thrilling one we have ever taken and we can hardly wait for October to roll around!"

— More Next Month —

Sleep Quietly, Brothers



By BOYD SINCLAIR

IN FRANKLIN, Pennsylvania, a flame burns. As men usually conceive of time, it will burn forever. This memorial light burns day and night to the memory of an airman of CBI called "Little Joe," although that was not his name. In life, he was Corporal Harry L. Leyda, Jr., member of the 11th Combat Cargo Squadron, Third Combat Cargo Group, Tenth Air Force.

Just as the flame burns on forever, so no doubt will the Burma jungles hide "Little Joe" forever. Men looked for him and others for what seemed endless months in the jungles and mountains. In February 1948, they were told to give up the search.

So "Little Joe" Leyda and 1,635 others who could never be found were left in CBI, the remains of their mortal selves resting in places unknown. I like to think of them as having "the earth for a pillow, the heavens for a cover, and God for a headstone." That is the way Sterling Goplernd, a CBI soldier from Iowa City, Iowa, expressed it when he gave up the search at the end. I also like to think that the sanctolamp in St. John's Episcopal Church in Franklin burns, not alone for "Little Joe," but alike for them all.

"Little Joe's" father, "Big Joe," and his mother, who now live in Dallas, Texas, lit the lamp for the son they lost. The interest on a sum of money, provided by Mr. and Mrs. Harry L. Leyda, Sr., will provide fuel perpetually. "Little Joe's" parents don't like to recall how he went down with his comrades in a C-47 on June 28, 1944, while helping to supply fighting men in Burma. These men of the famed Cochran-Wingate operation, between Lake Indawgi and Pinbaw, thought they heard a plane going down with engine trouble. They searched, but no trace was found in the dense jungle. All they saw were loose, vapory clouds scudding across the sky.

Eleven air missions were flown for 61 hours over the area, 60 miles southwest of Myitkyina. There were also ground missions, including search by graves registration men after the war. All this for "Little Joe" and his comrades is just one instance of the heartbreaking sorrow and

**They Died in Jungles and Hills,
In Tents and Basha Dwellings,
In Bright Sunshine and Monsoon Gray,
At Night and in Flames**

backbreaking work. For each one who died or didn't come back, there was a helmet full of tears and sweat.

THE JOB of search and recovery began before the war ended. Captain James S. Gray, India-Burma graves registration officer, told me in the summer of 1945 how graves registration men operated. Gray's men were then working in the areas of Warazup and Nhpum Ga, in North Burma, moving the dead to a burial place at Myitkyina.

Gray at that time told of a search to find victims of a plane crash which kept graves registration men in the jungle 36 days. They were supplied by airdrops, but because of weather conditions, were four days without army rations. On this search trip, Technician Fifth Grade Charles Harding, Private First Class George Lund, and Private Leo Jurewitz found animals were as reluctant to carry dead bodies as tribesmen, who superstitiously shuddered away from contact with the dead. When the GIs tried to hoist pouches containing bodies on an elephant or horse, they shied away. The men finally persuaded tribesmen to carry pouches if they were attached to poles.

Gray said most plane crash victims were found after tribesmen brought in remnants of the aircraft to American or British posts and then guided searchers



CORPORAL HARRY L. Leyda, Jr., for whom a memorial flame burns forever, is pictured with his mother (left) and sister. He was lost in a plane crash in Burma.

to the scenes of crashes. If dog tags were missing, identification was made by fingerprints, denture formats, and various processes of elimination. In one plane crash, where three out of five victims were identified, graves unit men knew the names of the other two, but they couldn't distinguish between them. They checked the dead men's shoe sizes against Army personnel records, and thereby established their identities.

Work of the 105th Quartermaster Group in 1945 will give an idea of the labor required to find crashed planes and bodies of the dead. The 105th conducted jungle search from February till the end of November, finding 80 planes in 550 mandays over an area equal to that of Belgium, Denmark, and Cuba.

A search by this outfit had its beginnings in Chabua at the busy, map-hung headquarters. On a huge wall map, in accordance with information received from the Air Force, crash positions were pin-pointed with tiny flags. With the report of a lost plane and its approximate position, a team of two to four jungle-wise GIs went into action. They were flown, floated, jeeped, or trucked — all methods were often used in a single operation. The team was set down as closely as possible to the area, and from that moment on, they were on their own. They hunted village headmen, and through the use of goods and silver rupees, dear to the hearts of Nagas and Kachins, arranged for guides and porters. These secured, the men plunged through the jungle, and guided by map, compass, and native know-how, made for the plane.

Search equipment was light, to make the parties mobile. Included were arms, ammunition, compasses, maps, hammocks, bedrolls, and changes of socks and underwear. Raincoats were dispensed with as excess weight. The average party of two to four men had ten to thirty native porters and was in the field for an average of nine days, searching an area of usually 40 to 50 square miles. Men of these Quartermaster jungle search units were the first white men ever to enter some wild, almost inaccessible spots. The search soldiers of the Quartermaster group maintained air-ground liaison with the 1352nd Air Search and Rescue Group through walkie-talkie radios.

IN 1946, the dead were moved to new resting places — the Infantrymen, the air crewmen, Engineers, Quartermaster truck drivers, and all the others who paid the most for victory at Myitkyina, Kunming, Ledo, and all the other places. They died because a plane fell, a truck skidded, a Jap soldier aimed well, a typhus germ thrived. They died in jungles and hills,

in tents and *basha* dwellings, in bright sunshine and monsoon gray, at night, and in flames.

They were moved from the green land of Burma, flown south by the Air Transport Command, to be interred in United States Army cemeteries at Barrackpore and Kalaikunda, near Calcutta. The India-Burma Quartermaster worked for collection of all military dead into the two Calcutta-area burial grounds, Myitkyina being fifth on the list of outlying cemeteries in the India-Burma Theater to be evacuated. C-47s, those work horses of the sky, did the job. Removals were made from Tezpur, Jorhat, Chabua, New Malir, Ledo, and 13 other U.S.-maintained temporary burial places in India and Burma to the Barrackpore and Kalaikunda cemeteries. Others came from nine civilian and 25 British military cemeteries.

The dead were collected and interred at seven points in China — the American Military Section of the Hungjao Road Cemetery, Shanghai; the International Funeral Directors Columbarium, Shanghai; Mopanshan Cemetery at Fungwangshan, near Chengtu; New American Military Cemetery at Kunming; American Cemetery at Tientsin; International Cemetery at Tsingtao; and Camp Hoten Cemetery at Mukden, Manchuria. All CBI dead, except the 1,636 never found, have either been returned to the U. S. or to the Mausoleum at Schofield Barracks in Hawaii. Final resting place for many is the National Cemetery of the Pacific near Honolulu.

Among men who helped recover lost American dead of India and Burma was ex-GI Donald H. Weeks, who in early 1946 was a lieutenant with search operations in the 678,000 square miles covered by India-Burma searchers. Weeks and

EDITOR'S NOTE

For nearly five years now, excerpts and condensations from Boyd Sinclair's manuscript, *CONFUSION BEYOND IMAGINATION*, have appeared in *Ex-CBI ROUNDUP*. "Sleep Quietly, Brothers," published in this issue, is an abridgement of the last chapter. It is the last of the book to be printed in the magazine.

Sinclair served in several different capacities on the *ROUNDUP* in the Far East, and since then has spent a great deal of time writing about CBI. He is the chief administrative officer of the Selective Service System in Texas.

At present, Sinclair is working on two stories, one about an Air Force lieutenant's adventures in India and Burma, "A Message From Garcia." The other is "Flight to the Land of God," about an air crew of CBI men in Tibet, the first human beings ever to fly over Lhasa, its capital.

Lieutenant William M. DeLoach, then working in the field, helped with the 49th Graves Registration Company. Another long-time field worker was Technical Sergeant Coolidge A. Rollman, who volunteered to stay when other high-point searchers went home. Lieutenant Colonel John J. Gussak went up to Assam from Calcutta in August 1946 for duty with search operations. He got into Bhutan, the Dafia, Mishmi, and Abor Hills, the Sadiya Frontier Tract, and the Naga, Khassi, and Garo Hills. He didn't get back to Calcutta till April 1947.

A total of 6,925 battle casualties occurred in CBI, 4,595 in the China-Burma-India Theater, 1,830 in the India-Burma Theater, and 500 in the China Theater. June 1944 was the high month of battle casualties, with 983 being listed, and the low month in which any was listed was July 1942, when only one casualty was recorded. In some months, the record shows, no casualties occurred.

Between December 7, 1941, and December 31, 1946, a total of 2,294 male officers and one female officer were battle casualties. The Air Corps had the biggest number of officer battle casualties of any branch of the service, 1,921, the Infantry being second with 141. Three general officers were battle casualties.

Total battle casualties among enlisted men was 4,630, there being no casualties among female enlisted personnel. The biggest number of casualties suffered among the enlisted men of any branch was 1,824 in the Air Corps, the Infantry being second with 1,632.

Battle casualties in Air Corps units almost exceeded that of all other type units combined. Total casualties among Air Corps units was 3,347 — among other units, 3,578. The Air Corps did exceed all other services in total deaths among battle casualties — 2,320 to 1,407.

Non-battle deaths slightly exceeded battle deaths in CBI, caused by plane crashes, as a result of hazardous flying over some of the world's roughest terrain. Total of all Army deaths in CBI, battle and non-battle, by year, is as follows: 2 in 1941, 139 in 1942, 798 in 1943, 3,253 in 1944, 2,665 in 1945, 950 in 1946, and 6 with the date unknown, making a total of 7,813 battle and non-battle deaths.

The following table shows how these 7,813 met their deaths:

Killed in action	2,997	38.36%
Died of wounds	196	2.50%
Declared dead	473	6.05%
Total battle deaths ...	3,666	46.91%

Aircraft accident	2,030	25.99%
Other accident	949	12.15%
Disease	587	7.52%
Other	581	7.43%

Total non-battle deaths 4,147 53.09½

Total battle and non-battle deaths 7,813 100.00%

INDIVIDUAL soldiers in CBI often received letters from grieved parents and other relatives who wanted to know where their sons, brothers, or husbands were buried—or circumstances of their deaths. I shall always remember the story of Radio Operator Joe Zuber of Williamsport, Pennsylvania, and how it brought a request from his father in York, Pennsylvania. He wanted to know where his son was buried.

"A short time ago," read the story in the CBI newspaper, "Radio Operator Joe Zuber went down over The Hump. His mates of the 1330th Base Unit in Assam sadly sorted his personal belongings. They found some words Joe had written in pencil on a blank radio sheet, evidently set down on a previous flight.

"If it were only possible to put on paper the greatness and beauty of the world up here above milky white clouds, I would want to be entrusted with such an undertaking," the words read. "Up here just a score of thousand feet, it seems impossible that below there exists strife and desolation, while here the black touch of mankind has done nothing to mar the beauty which is God. The sun rises over a clean, pure world of soft, fluffy clouds, and sets over the same each evening. One feels like an intruder stepping into a place of peace and solitude.

"Could it be that here is where the souls of the pure in heart go to escape the darkness of Earth? I rather think not, or God would not allow the waves carrying the filth and lies broadcast to filter through and cause the spoil. I would stay here forever, but my body is still alive and I grow hungry for the things of Earth and must return down there—from the purest white to the darkness once more."

"Private First Class Thomas C. Beaman, one of the GIs who sorted Joe Zuber's belongings, sent the words to the soldiers' newspaper. He wrote: 'If this appears in **Roundup**, we'd all appreciate it up here if you'd send a copy of it to his wife and mother in Williamsport, Pennsylvania. He has a two-month-old son there he's never seen. They might want to show it to the kid some day to let him know what kind of a guy his old man was.'"

Many more CBI men paid tribute to dead comrades in one way or another.

Even a nurse, to whom death and disease were everyday affairs, was moved to lament the passing of a young soldier. One night in October 1945, life slipped away from an American boy lying in the 20th General Hospital at Ledo. As she sat near his bed, Lieutenant Jo Holod wrote in memory of that nameless youngster.

The night is empty and still.

Death has come and taken his lot and left nothing

Save a vacant bed, a quiet ward, and a few thoughts

That still occupy the minds of those who cared for him—

Save a few mental pictures—a young boy, robbed of his share of joyful living, robbed of future cares and sorrows,

His glassy eyes not seeing, his fevered skin not feeling

The last few comforting measures administered by a solemn khaki nurse, Who placed a rosary in his limp hand and blessed him.

And as the morning jackal cried, his lifeless body in its muslin shroud

Was jolted down the muddy, desolate jungle path,

The stretcher-bearers silent, each with his thoughts,

A journey to the cold, dark morgue, which would absorb the human warmth

Till the body within its concrete walls would likewise become hard and gray.

Autopsy, chapel services, and then the grave—to be watered by countless monsoons,

A lonely grave in India, at which his still unknowing mother would never kneel in prayer.

How did his soul depart, where to, and why?

Who caused his untimely death — the typhus mite or gluttonous man?

I cannot say—I only know that death has visited here

And the night is empty and still.

A soldier told me how he observed a silent, wordless tribute by a muleskinner to a dead comrade in Burma. The soldier looked down from his mountain perch on other muleskinners moving along a well-beaten trail the Burmese had used for centuries. The soldiers were passing an American flag with crosses beneath it. One of the muleskinners stopped, tied his mule to a tree, climbed over the bamboo fence surrounding the cemetery, and knelt beside a grave. A dog tag was

nailed to the cross at the head. The muleskinner knelt for only a few seconds, then stood up, left the grave, walked across the cemetery, and moved on down the trail with his mule.

Corporal Claude A. Neuffer, stationed at Myitkyina, remembered his comrades with "Requiem to Burma's Dead."

How sleep the lads 'neath alien palm,
Gone at last from hate and calm?
Are thoughts of home there with them now,

As dust lies heavy on each brow?
When the fields are green next spring,
And life again the seasons bring,
Can their souls from Burma's bier
Remember lives of yesteryear?
When heroic garlands crown
The lads returned from farm and town,
Will some kindly Eastern fay
On their graves rosemary lay?
When the course of war has run,
When peace returns from sun to sun,
Will they know, the matchless brave,
How fares the land they died to save?

Sergeant Smith Dawless penned some lines in memory of a comrade, "In Memoriam R. M. B."

A little while ago
he was here.

We heard his sudden laughter,
full and clear.

We touched his hand, his shoulder,
and all around this place
we felt the warm good nature
in his face.

We bantered, and we knew
each other through,
as men who live for long
together do.

He shared our homesick days,
and we broke bread
beside him, wordlessly.

Now . . . he is dead.

Sleep softly
in the jungle, brother,
rest on the rich, dark breast
of Earth, our mother.

The hollong tree
lifts proud and high
above the uncharted spot
where now you lie,
and shrill the alien parrot calls
within that sunless gloom
where no foot falls.
But down the years before us
we shall keep
your gift of laughter.
Sleep quietly, brother,
long . . . and deep.

Corporal C. W. Kellogg, Army correspondent, remembered the sacrifices of CBI's dead on the morning after Halloween 1945. He called his memorial-in-words "The Ghosts of Burma."

"There were ghosts in the land last night," he wrote from along the Ledo Road.

"On Main Street, U.S.A., the goblins had their day and the witches made their annual ride on broomsticks across the face of the moon—for it was that final, fated day of October, day of ringing doorbells, missing shutters, and snaggle-toothed pumpkins—Halloween 1945. But on Main Street, Burma—known to a few as the Ledo Road—a new host of ghosts were abroad. They were neither witches nor goblins. But the water buffalo crept deeper into the thickets and little Naga children trembled in their mothers' arms. Even Shan the Tiger lay with his belly on the ground and fear in his heart. The land was still and only the ghosts walked.

"High in the Patkai Mountains there was a meeting, and the hills sounded with the beating of that conversation—for it was the talk of battle, of rifle ball and pistol slug, and the deeper, hurried thud of mortars. The sky was dark, for the moon was on the other side of the world where witches played. But the sky wasn't empty. There were ghosts up there in the dark, and the sound of their passing was the roar of thousands of engines. And their calling cards dug

deeply into the jungle with a boom and a flash.

"At Myitkyina there was quite a convention—ghosts with white faces met ghosts with darker skins—and some whose skins were yellow. They prowled along the grass-green edges of the strip up there and they talked in their own way about Joe Stilwell and Frank Merrill and General Sun. On down the river at Bhamo, they gathered in the dark—these Burma ghosts—and looked silently at the temples and the foxholes beside them. There were music lovers among them, and these sat in the deserted bomb crater near the mission and remembered a gracious little lady from 'Paree' who stood on a hot day in the boiling sun and sang.

"There were ghosts at Mong Yu, where the Ledo trace runs into the Burma Road. These ghosts wore suits of armor—1945 version—and behind them came four-legged ghosts with big, flapping ears, brays straight from hell, and inquisitive looks straight from Missouri. They wore scars and sores on their backs, and their legs ached with the miles of the mountains.

"Yes, ghosts walked in Burma last night. It was Halloween. But they'll walk again tonight, and tonight isn't Halloween, and tomorrow night, and it won't be Halloween, either. They'll walk there until The Road that bore them is nothing but a memory, until the reason they were born and left to be the ghosts of this land will fill only two pages of a televised or microfilmed history book.

"We wish them well, these ghosts. But for the grace of God and the breaks that come to a man, we might have been with them, and we are glad we aren't. We pray that we'll remember them, and perhaps we will; but the memory of man is a treacherous thing, and the chances are we'll forget. Only on dark and stormy nights in a driving rain will we remember, and because we hate to remember things we didn't like, we'll turn from the rain and the wind to the lights of home."

Let us who knew them best in the final days remember them best. Let us keep a constant flame in our hearts like the one at Franklin, Pennsylvania—let it be a symbol to us of the light of understanding that should be shed on sacrifice. Let us not forget the ghosts. Let us keep green the memory of men who went the far way with us. The shadows lengthen. It is no longer early afternoon. Let us remember, for when men who wore the CBI shield are gone, words like Kunming, Myitkyina, and Ledo again will fall foreign on American ears.

—THE END

SCOTCHLITE

Reflecting Auto Bumper
Stickers

of the CBI Patch in full color



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Ex-CBI ROUNDUP

P. O. Box 1769

Denver 1, Colo.

Old Army Buddy!

After recovering from our surprise, we thought you, too, might get a kick out of this letter.—Ed.

● This is to inform you that I am not responsible for any debts contracted by my husband, nor for any magazine renewals, either. We are not sharing the same roof because of his Army buddies. It all began when brought home one of his service-time pals. It was unexpected and I was not prepared. Neither my meal nor my home was ready for company. What really ignited the fuse was the fact that's buddy was buxom! That's right, she was FEMALE! A former WAC. Well, in the resulting explosion and his bosom(y) buddy were blown right out the door! In his absence I am boss and anything reminding me of Army life is OUT! That includes your magazine! Your renewal plea falls on deaf ears. You see, with on a "leave of absence" I am throwing my weight around! The Roundup is now "persona non grata" in my home!

NAME OMITTED.
By Ex-CBI Roundup



SHOPPING BAZAAR section of old Agra, sections of which were off limits to GI's during the war due to unsanitary conditions.

Perry Manhunt

● The Herman Perry story ("Perry Manhunt") has been published in Readers Digest, Coronet, Men, and Ex-CBI Roundup, but none have the facts of the original capture correct. Members of the 700th M.P. Co. made up the entire party of U.S. Army personnel, with one exception. The 700th officers and men were solely responsible for the investigating, locating, organizing, arranging for guides, capturing, guarding and carrying out of Perry . . . The

beautiful Varga girl speed signs along the Ledo Road were designed, painted, located and maintained by a 700th Detachment at Tagap, Burma. The artist was Bill Mathews of Pa.

ORVILLE STRASSBURG
Lockport, N.Y.

Back Issues!

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The Roundup

P. O. Box 1769
Denver 1, Colo.



MARCHING SOUTH along the old Mandalay Road, an American pack train fords a river as Mars Task Force joins the allied push into central Burma. U.S. Army photo, June 1944.

To The Editor

1905th Engineer Bn.

● Since becoming a subscriber I have had the good fortune of getting a glimpse at all the back issues loaned to me by a fellow worker at the V.A. Hospital here in Phila. In case any of the old gang would like to get in touch with me, I was company clerk, Co. A, 1905th Engineer Avn. Bn.

ALFRED GRIESHABER,
217 So. 46th St.,
Phila. 39, Pa.

45th QM Group

● Please enter subscription for L. G. Pierce, Jr., of Lubbock, Texas. Pierce is an ex-captain of the 45th QM Group and very familiar with the famous Perry Manhunt, and has a personal speaking acquaintance with every mile of the Ledo Road.

RAY CHAPMAN,
Lubbock, Texas

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J. L. Footitt
31 Choate Road
Park Forest, Ill.



BURMESE DANCERS entertaining at a party in celebration of the homecoming of Dr. Seagrave at Namkham, Burma. U.S. Army photo, Jan. 25, 1945.



COOLIES REPORTING for work at the Brooklyn Ordnance Depot office in Assam.

Botched Up Situation

● Gerald Mahady's letter (March) sounds like he might still be over there from the bitter vein detected. Same old story, the Joe in Chengtu thought they had it plush in Kunming, the Joe in Kunming thought we never had it so good in Myitkyina, we thought they had the life of Riley in Calcutta, and I'm sure the Hastings Mill wallahs griped about the good deal the jokers had at Delhi. However, Mahady overlooks the fact that 99% went where they were sent and did what was ordered. In my own case I was perfectly satisfied to stay in the ETO when I was p.s.c. to CBI,

but since I had little control over the situation I relaxed to enjoy the wonders of the Orient. I am inclined to agree with Mahady on the botched up political situation both then and now, but I wasn't consulted then or now either on matters of Foreign Policy. However, I can vote and shall continue to do so with the ardent hope that some day our national leadership will take a firm stand on foreign policy in the Far East, and realize that the Oriental mind neither comprehends or respects conciliatory gestures, and that such are interpreted by them as signs of weakness on our part...

J. C. WRIGHT,
Odessa, Texas

Credit to Jinx

● Sure enjoyed Jinx Falkenburg's story in the April issue. You gotta give her credit, risking her life so many times just to entertain us Joes.

CHAS. DONNELLY,
Portland, Me.

Pleasant Times

● Certainly is wonderful these past five years to be able to relive thru Roundup some of the pleasant and unpleasant times spent in CBI. Without the magazine most of us would probably forget the major part of our experiences.

JACK ANSBURG,
Calumet City, Ill.

EX-CBI ROUNDUP



*News dispatches from recent issues of the
Calcutta Statesman*

BOMBAY—A contingent of about 400 U.S. tourists left India today (Feb. 19) for Ceylon to continue their round-the-world cruise. The 97-day glamorous voyage will terminate at New York on April 19.

KARIMGANJ — Dr. J. H. Rowlands, M.A., D. Litt., who worked in India as a Missionary of the Welsh mission for 38 years, died at Karimganj of heart seizure at the age of 63.

IMPHAL—The Government of India has sanctioned Rs. 334,000 as war damage compensation to the tribal peoples of 99 hill villages of Manipur State.

IMPHAL—Tribal people have started picketing the Indo-Burma Road by felling big trees and rolling large boulders to prevent vehicular traffic. Police parties have been sent to clear the roads.

CHAIBASA, India — Three villagers were killed by a rogue elephant roaming in the hilly tracts of Singhbhum, according to reports received here. The victims were killed while sleeping.

CALCUTTA—The world's largest sapphire, treasured by a Hyderabad noble, is being offered for sale. The size of a large egg, the gem is cut in the shape of an earring. Its weight is 916 carats. It was valued at \$100,000 in 1920.

MADRAS—Candidates who took a Public Service Commission examination gave these answers to questions: "Jawaharlal Nehru is a leading money-lender." "Sir Winston Churchill is president of the U.S.A." "Jesus Christ came to study at Banaras University." "Vaccination is a cooperative movement." The Commission released its report with the finding that most of the candidates displayed a very low standard of general knowledge.

CALCUTTA—Ronald M. Shanik, from the U.S.A. is currently in Calcutta. He comes from Brooklyn, the home town of an American baseball team called the Brooklyn Dodgers. He is a disk jockey, which in America is a man who is actually paid money for playing gramophone records.

NEW DELHI — Reduction of long-distance passenger train fares has been announced. Fares for short-distance travel will go up slightly.

MADRAS — Mr. C. Rajagopalachari said here: "Whatever the politics of the

issue to nuclear weapons may be, the world has some right of protection against the proved and admitted consequences of these tests that America is conducting for her own misconceived security. Her claims that these tests help the security of the free world depends upon the correctness of her foreign policy which is far from proved."

BOMBAY—A thief stole jewelry worth \$6,500 belonging to Herbert Higgins, United States consul in charge of economic affairs in Bombay. The jewelry was taken from the bedroom of his cottage at Juhu, a beach resort where he and his wife and two sons are staying. The theft occurred on March 18th.

GAYA—The 2,500th birth anniversary of Lord Buddha is proposed to be celebrated on a grand international scale on the thrice sacred Baisakhi Purnima Day (day of the full moon) in May 1956. The celebrations will continue until November or December for the benefit of many expected foreign guests.

SHILLING—North East Frontier Agency officials on a tour of the Tirap Frontier division had the alarming experience of being attacked by a rogue elephant. One of the party is said to have been injured, another to have spent the night in a tree, while four others were chased all over the countryside. The enraged animal finally vented his temper on the party's jeep which was a total wreck when recovered.

KARACHI—A Karachi-Delhi air service was inaugurated March 15th by Pakistan International Airlines. The PIA recently opened Karachi-Bombay and Karachi-London services.

CALCUTTA—The West Bengal Government is considering replacement of the existing Tallah Bridge on Barrackpore Trunk Road, by a cantilever-type bridge at a cost of Rs. 34 lakhs.

KALIMPONG — A permit system for travel between India and Tibet is to be introduced soon.

DIBRUGARH—A new Baptist missionary church is to be built here, to replace one destroyed in last year's monsoon flood.

NEW DELHI—Mr. W. Russell, Assistant Director of the U.S. Foreign Operations Administration arrived in New Delhi with Mrs. Russell to discuss the forthcoming American aid program with the Government of India.

POONA—A scheme to impart military training to 500,000 people all over India during the next five years has been prepared by the Union Government and will be put into operation beginning the first of April.

BOOK REVIEWS



POLITICAL SYSTEMS OF HIGHLAND BURMA. By E. R. Leach. Illustrated. Harvard University Press, Cambridge, Massachusetts, 1954. 324 pages. \$7.

Some among the American Kachin Rangers may have known E. R. Leach during the war. He recruited Kachin irregulars over Central and North Burma, except the Hukawang Valley and Jade Mines areas. This British officer is a social anthropologist in civil life.

He was in Burma when the war broke out, and as a result of an action, he lost field notes, photographs, and a manuscript dealing with his study and investigation. But that didn't stop him from going ahead.

This book has a wealth of information about the Kachin and Shan populations, and the author presents it as a contribution to the theory of anthropology. It is doubtful that any readers of this magazine are interested in theory, but doubtless some will be interested in comparing some of their facts with his, or learning new ones about their old associates, the Kachins and Shans.

Part II of the book is the most interesting to the layman, in which various concepts of the Kachins are presented, such as territorial division, affinal relationship and incest, property and ownership, rank and class, the supernatural, and religious and political office.

We were most interested in the section on the supernatural, having had respect for the Kachin gods, or *nats*, since we found, during the war, that a thousand of them can sit on a sharpened bamboo stake at one time. In Mr. Leach's book, we find that the ancestor *nats* of a commoner are scolded as often as supplicated, but the ancestor *nats* of a headman or chief are approached by intercession with much more respect.

The book has seven maps and seven diagrams, one being the ground plan of a Kachin chief's house.

K-2—THE SAVAGE MOUNTAIN. By Charles S. Houston, Robert H. Bates, and others. Illustrated. 334 pages. McGraw-Hill Book Company, New York, 1954. \$6.

The story of an American expedition to Pakistan in 1953 to climb the world's second-highest mountain. A storm near the summit turned the climbers back, and one of the team, Art Gilkey, lost his life.

PRISONER'S BLUFF. By Rolf Magener. Illustrated. 255 pages. E. P. Dutton and Company, New York, 1955. \$3.75.

How two young German civilians, prisoners of the British at Dehra Dun, escaped and bluffed their way across India and Burma to the Jap lines. This is the same prison from which Heinrich Harrer escaped into Tibet.

THE TEMPLE TIGER. By Jim Corbett. Illustrated. 197 pages. Oxford University Press, New York, 1955. \$3.

The author, native of Naini Tal, tells more stories of man-eating tigers in the Kumaon foothills of the Himalayas, where many CBI-wallahs spent leave, with headquarters at Ranikhet.

RAFT OF DESPAIR. By Ensio Tiira. Illustrated. 200 pages. E. P. Dutton and Company, New York, 1955. \$3.

The author tells the true story of how he and a comrade in the French Foreign Legion desert a troop ship in the Straits of Malacca on a raft, which drifts into the Indian Ocean for 32 days.

THE BOMBAY MEETING. By Ira Morris. 287 pages. Doubleday and Company, Garden City, New York, 1955. \$3.95.

A novel about an American writer whose world is changed by a love affair with a Hindu woman. The American is attending an international conference in India when he meets the lady.

FACE VALUE. By Robert Standish. 253 pages. Doubleday and Company, Garden City, New York, 1955. \$3.50.

Twenty-two short stories set in the Far East, England, and Europe, among them six stories of China, all brief, and all having the quality of surprise.

INVITATION TO AN EASTERN FEAST. By Austin Coates. Illustrated. 269 pages. Harper and Brothers, New York, 1955. \$4.

Tales of recent travel in China, Burma, and India by an Englishman, with accounts of tea with a begam in New Delhi, beer with Buddha, life in a Salween River village, catching Oriental fish, and many other things.

DAUGHTER OF THE KHANS. By Liang Yen. 295 pages. W. W. Norton and Company, New York, 1955. \$3.50.

The author tells how she broke away from her wealthy Mongol family in Peiping to escape an arranged marriage, how she supported herself in various ways, and how she met and married an American.

LIGHT IN THE JUNGLE. By Gustaf A. Sword. Illustrated. 189 pages. Baptist

Conference Press, Chicago, 1954. \$2.

A biography of Dr. Ola Hanson, Baptist missionary who reduced the Kachin language to writing. The author served with the Office of War Information in Assam during the CBI war.

JAPAN'S DECISION TO SURRENDER. By Robert J. C. Butow. 259 pages. Stanford University Press, Stanford, California, 1954. \$4.

The inside story of how Japan decided to quit the war she began against the United States. This book is from the Japanese viewpoint and relates how efforts were made to stop the conflict long before the atom.

GHANDI'S AUTOBIOGRAPHY. By M. K. Gandhi. Illustrated. 640 pages. Public Affairs Press, Washington, D.C. \$5.

This present version of Gandhi's own story of his life was translated from the Mahatma's native Gujarati by Mahadev Desai, a close friend and devout disciple.

THE GUARDIANS. By Philip Woodruff. Illustrated. 385 pages. St. Martin's Press, New York, 1954. \$5.

This is the second volume of the author's *The Men Who Ruled India*. It carries the story from the Mutiny to the end of British rule on August 15, 1947. The first volume was called *The Founders of Modern India*.

WARREN HASTINGS. By Keith Feiling. Illustrated. 420 pages. St. Martin's Press, New York, 1954. \$6.

Remember Hastings Mill? Did you ever wonder about the man for which it was named? This is a biography of Warren Hastings, the first governor-general of India.

WITHOUT THE CHRYSANTHEMUM AND THE SWORD. By Jean Stoetzel. Illustrated. 334 pages. Columbia University Press, New York, 1955. \$4.

This book is a study of the attitudes of youth in post-war Japan. The book is the result of a social survey performed by a French sociologist and a Dutch expert on Japanese civilization.

THE PLACE OF JACKALS. By Ronald Hardy. 249 pages. Doubleday and Company, Garden City, New York, 1955. \$3.50.

This novel is the story of a young priest, with no knowledge of war, who was sent from a peaceful monastery in France to serve as chaplain to a French army in Indochina.

JOURNEY TO THE PATHANS. By Peter Mayne. 315 pages. Doubleday and Company, Garden City, New York, 1955.

A tale of adventure and travel in recent times among the tribesmen of the Northwest Frontier country of old India, now a part of Pakistan. The author was with the RAF in India during the war we fought in CBI.

TWO KINDS OF TIME. By Graham Peck. Illustrated. 725 pages. Houghton Mifflin Company, Boston, 1950. \$4.

We've always thought the author, who was with OWI in CBI, drew the most wonderful sketches of the Chinese we've ever seen. There are plenty of them in this book. Personal experiences of an American who understands China.

LEYTE: THE RETURN TO THE PHILIPPINES. By M. Hamlin Cannon. Illustrated. 420 pages. Office of the Chief of Military History, Department of the Army, Washington, D.C., 1954. \$6.75.

Another volume of the Army's official history of World War II. There are a few references to CBI in the book, all found in the index.

SOUTH COL. By Wilfrid Noyce. Illustrated. 320 pages. William Sloane Associates, New York, 1955. \$5.

A member of the successful Everest expedition describes his feeling and experiences. The author is an English teacher and writer as well as a mountain climber of note.

ACROSS THE ROOF OF THE WORLD. By Wilfred Skrede. Illustrated. 223 pages. W. W. Norton and Company, New York, 1955. \$3.50.

A young Norwegian's rigorous journey from Sweden through China and India on his way to Canada to join the free Norwegian forces of World War II.

GORDON OF KHARTOUM. By Godfrey Elton. Illustrated. 393 pages. Alfred Knopf, New York, 1955. \$6.

Another biography of British General Charles George "Chinese" Gordon. This life of the Victorian hero is written with the aid of several major collections of Gordon's letters.

CHURCH OF SOUTH INDIA. By Bengt Sundkler. Illustrated. 457 pages. Seabury Press, Greenwich, Connecticut, 1955. \$6.75.

A history of the movement toward union of the Christian churches in South India, with consideration of the great ecumenical issues and theological problems involved.

Journey From Burma

By Robert B. Shaw

EARLY IN 1942 a series of startling events occurred in Southeast Asia. These were little noted by the American public, for we then had absorbing problems of our own — Pearl Harbor, Bataan, and our sudden plunging into global warfare. But the events in Burma and adjoining countries were eventually to affect many Americans closely, and the geography of this hitherto remote area was to become as familiar to many GI's from Brooklyn or Oshkosh as their own back yards.

This is not the story of those events, but a brief review will set the scene. In January, 1942, following the eruption of the war in Asia, the Japanese poured into Southern Burma from Siam, through the Three Pagodas Pass — along the route later to be followed by the notorious "Siamese Death Railway." The British troops in Burma, caught unaware, were unable to stem this tide, and were gradually forced backward into Upper Burma, and eventually into the frontier jungle. During this campaign several curious events occurred. The British were all set to blow up the railway bridge across the Sittaing River, and by some error did so when many of their troops were still on the wrong side, leaving them to be captured by the Japs at that early stage. Shortly after the Japs committed a comparable blunder of their own. Reaching the strategic junction of the Prome and Mandalay roads 21 miles north of Rangoon while the major portion of the British army was still trapped below them the Japs firmly occupied this spot, only to abandon it unaccountably and release the retreating British.

Just ahead of the Army's retreat came a wholesale exodus of civilians from Burma—men, women and children—British and Indian officials and business people, together with their families, and even a few American missionaries. Some, who were foresighted, got off early, and left Rangoon safely by ship. But for thousands who waited too long the only avenue of escape was upcountry by the best means available, and then along rough and poorly charted jungle trails into India. Even of these some, who moved promptly, managed to travel in relative comfort, with coolies and pack animals, and reached India without undue risk. But as the Japanese pushed northward communica-

tions became disorganized, and civil government collapsed, the retreat turned into a rout, although never quite into a panic. Those who suffered most were the ones who lingered until after the outbreak of the monsoon, when the jungle trails become nearly impassable and leeches hang from every leaf. No one knows how many lives were lost in this withdrawal, but the survivors say that the trails were marked by corpses. Every survivor has a fascinating story to tell, and, indeed, some of them have written books on their ordeal.

These refugees followed two main routes out of Burma. One was up the Chindwin River to the neighborhood of Kalewa or Tamu, and thence over several trails into the little known Indian state of Manipur. Stilwell followed this route in his own retreat, and later, in the spring of 1944, the Jap army took the same path when it struck for the Ledo supply line and reached its high water mark at Kohima. The second route was further north, from the vicinity of Myitkyina through the sparsely settled and malarial Hukawng Valley into Assam. Roughly along this route the Ledo Road was subsequently built, to connect with the Burma Road and again supply China by the back door, while the Japs still held Lower Burma too firmly to be dislodged. The details of the campaign to reopen this route will be more familiar to CBI veterans than to this author.

FROM JUNE, 1950, to April, 1952, I served as Economic Officer of the American Embassy in Rangoon. Expecting to resign from the diplomatic service at the end of that period, I planned, as a final fling, a journey by surface across Asia and back to western Europe. In this projected journey there were two segments over which no regular transportation operated; one was from Upper Burma through the frontier strip into Manipur or Assam, India, and the second was through the Khyber Pass across Afghanistan and on into Iran.

WHILE THE journey this article relates was made nearly three years ago, the author is still in communication with friends in Burma, and believes present conditions remain about the same as described herein. Security conditions in Lower Burma have continued to improve, however.



HOW MANY GI's saw this bridge? It is on the Lashio Branch of the Burma Railways, about 300 feet high by itself, it stands on a natural bridge across Gokteik Gorge about 800 feet high, making a total of 1100 feet. Allied aircraft were unable to bomb this thin trestle during the Japanese occupation, but the Japs wrecked several central spans when they pulled out, and it was only recently restored to service. It stands about three miles from the Burma Road, which descends to stream level to cross the same gorge. Photo by the author.

In leaving Burma there was a choice of two routes, both corresponding with refugee trails of 1942. One was via the Upper Chindwin and Kalewa on into Manipur, and the other was over the Ledo Road northwest from Myitkina. Although my position in the Embassy included reporting on highways and other agencies of transportation, I was unable to find out definitely in Rangoon whether the Ledo Road was passable all the way to India. The best I could learn was that it was open as far as Tanai, 120 miles from Myitkina. Beyond that point all reports were vague.

As for the Kalewa route I was able to establish, by communication with several missionaries in that area, that the road was open from Kalewa on to Tamu, on the Indian border, and from the latter point there was a "bus" three times a week to Imphal. This route was said not to be too frequently disturbed by insurgents, although just a few days before one of the missionaries replied to my letter Tamu had been raided and the local treasury and armory carted away.

This information, while encouraging, still left a considerable problem as to how to reach Kalewa. To be sure the Burma Airways runs to this outpost once a week, but I was determined to make my entire journey by surface, without breaking it anywhere by crossing a difficult segment by air. The country around the junction of the Irawaddy and Chindwin Rivers was then thoroughly infested with insurgents, and no roads or trails were open. There was still a launch service up the Chindwin to the head of navigation at Homalin, and this I considered taking. But investigation showed that this route was not too practical. I was planning to leave Burma just ahead of the monsoon; travel through the jungle would become impossible if I waited long-

er. But at this season the river was at its lowest level, and the usual steam launches had been withdrawn from service because of shallow water. Some kind of substitute service with large motorboats had been provided, but their schedule seemed to be very irregular and impossible to ascertain in Rangoon. Even these boats had several times run aground, where they were uncomfortably exposed to occasional insurgent raiding parties.

This service did not sound too promising, and I did not want to be stranded in some tiny riverbank village for several weeks waiting for some elusive boat. But because there was service of a sort over this route, whereas I had no assurance that the Ledo Road was open at all, I wavered between these two routes.

One of my correspondents up the Chindwin, the Rev. Edgar Nicholson at Kalem-yo, emphasized that I should have the proper "permits" before arriving in his area. He told a story about two travelers, an Australian and a Dutchman, who had appeared on the scene two years earlier, in 1950. Having been refused permission to cross Burma, they tried to enter the country by the "back door," from Manipur. They were, however, placed under a kind of limited arrest and refused permission to go further. Being still determined to continue their journey, they stole a small boat and attempted to float down the Chindwin, but were upset by the treacherous current, and one of them drowned. This episode, the Rev. Nicholson advised me, caused a good deal of bad feeling and illustrated the necessity of having the proper permits. (Later, I saw a copy of the book written by the survivor of this pair. They had set out to complete a journey about the same as mine, but in the opposite direction. According to the author, a boatload of Burmese were nearby when they upset, but made no effort to rescue them, feeling that they should not interfere with fate.)

This pointed out another obstacle to my own journey. I had no permits, nor did I expect to get any. It should be explained that white people are not allowed to travel freely in Burma today, but require a permit from the War Office. Ostensibly this restriction is applied for their own safety, but other motives seem to enter as well. In any case, westerners are not usually allowed to travel in frontier or disturbed areas or, in fact, hardly outside of cities and towns at all. It is usually considered that the only safe way to make a trip is by air, and then the American traveler must be confined closely to the town where he arrives. Even there he may be trailed by the police. During my two years in Burma few Americans — of whom there are now

a large colony, in the Embassy, USIS, Point IV and related establishments — were so rash as to travel anywhere by land, and many of them never left Rangoon at all. The farthest I ever drove in my car was to Pegu, 40 miles away, but I had made longer trips by rail and by river launch.

As I felt almost certain that the Burmese government would never grant me permission to make my final trip out of the country, I never troubled to apply for a permit, figuring it was better to disregard this formality than to ask and be refused. The American Embassy also attempted to discourage me from this journey, and when I persisted they withdrew my diplomatic passport. In a sense this was an advantage, for I felt it relieved me of any moral obligation to observe restrictions upon diplomatic personnel. The head of the Embassy, Mr. Henry Day, particularly thought my proposed journey was foolhardy, and questioned me as to whether I had made arrangements for obtaining coolies, pack animals, and other explorers' accouterments. Evidently Mr. Day did not know that another officer of the Embassy, Sam Rickard, who had grown up in a missionary family in Burma, had returned from India to Burma on a schoolboy jaunt through the Manipur-Kalewa frontier area in 1942, just in time to meet the refugee horde fleeing in the opposite direction, and had returned to India with his parents over the same route.

AFTER LONG preparation for my trip I finally concluded active duty at the Embassy on Friday, April 18 — approximately one month in advance of the monsoon. Before this time all my household goods had been packed and removed, and arrangements made for my wife and daughter to return separately, by sea. Since my trip was not strictly legal, I avoided telling anyone exactly when I intended to leave, and I also gave the suggestion that I intended to follow the Chindwin route, although finally I settled on the Ledo Road.

On the morning of April 19, at 6 A.M., I left Rangoon on the Mandalay train — and I am sure this makes me the only person in history (aside perhaps from some of the 1942 refugees) who started a journey from Rangoon to Europe and the United States by leaving the city on a northbound train. There was no one to see me off at this uncomfortably early hour, and this also was quite a contrast with the usual elaborate departure ritual observed for Embassy people. The only recognition I had beyond that of any ordinary passenger was that a railway official friend had kindly sent a station guard to hold a seat for me.

As far as Pinyinmana, a twelve-hour journey, I rode with Bill Rice, a Baptist missionary, who wanted to visit former parishioners there. (Pinyinmana is the location of the former Baptist agricultural school, but this was partly destroyed and the missionaries forced to evacuate during the recent insurrection. Its principal, the Rev. Case, was also drowned while attempting to swim across the river.) Before the war Mandalay was a comfortable overnight train journey from Rangoon, but now it takes two days, with an overnight stop at Pinyinmana. Indeed, it was only shortly before my trip that the railway had been reopened to Mandalay at all. Frequent rebel attacks, particularly the mining of trains, continued to make night operation impracticable. During most of my stay in Burma there was some type of insurgent assault on the railways better than once a day on the average, but at this time the situation was beginning to improve slowly.

Rice and I rode third class, where accommodation is crude, but not quite as crowded as in India. In theory there is also a first class, but I had found out on an earlier trip that this was no more comfortable than third, but merely more exclusive. At least, it would have been more exclusive if the other passengers had respected the first class designation, but usually they did not. Thus, it was hardly worthwhile to pay the extra fare. Most of the rolling stock on the Burma Railways was destroyed during the war, and passenger service is now provided almost entirely by converted ex-U. S. Transportation Corps 40-ton boxcars.

Buying some peanuts on the train — the stunted Burmese variety — I unrolled the cone of paper in which they were wrapped to find a fragment of an American newspaper advising me that Uncle Joe Clevese, last Civil War veteran in Michigan, had just died. "Over-issued newspapers," to be used for wrapping



RAILWAY-ROAD BRIDGE over the Irrawaddy River at Ava (Mandalay). The two central spans of this bridge were originally destroyed by the British upon their withdrawal from Burma in 1942. Because of shortages of steel the bridge was not repaired until recently.

and packing purposes, comprise an important trade commodity in much of the Orient today.

A beggar woman, more energetic than the typical Burmese, slapped Rice soundly when he failed to heed her plea for alms.

In Pyinmana I stayed overnight in the house of U Sein, a timber merchant, sleeping in a cot thoroughly covered with mosquito netting. (Everyone in Burma seems to be sold on mosquito netting now; no matter how crude the sleeping arrangement may otherwise be, it is usually covered by netting.) I was so concerned to rise promptly at 4:30 that I dreamed of getting up several times before the alarm actually went off. Although I had insisted that Mrs. Sein should not get up when I did, I found that she and her daughter had already prepared a breakfast for me. Before I was through a honking horn outside announced the arrival of the trishaw wallah, and the Seins sent a young boy to the station with me to make sure I got on the right train.

A second day's travel brought me to Mandalay. All along the line the railroad was strewn with wrecks, some old and some fresh. Bridges, many of which were mere temporary structures, were guarded by small detachments of soldiers, and through the most disturbed area several loaded flatcars were pushed ahead of the engine to detonate mines. The engineer never dared to exceed 25 miles per hour until he was on the outskirts of town and beyond the danger zone, when he would put on a last-minute burst of speed to bring us impressively into the station. Fortunately we suffered no mishaps, although I was well aware that these precautions were by no means idle.

AT MANDALAY, where I had allowed one extra day in my schedule in case of some delay on the railway, I went to the home of a friend, who was in charge of the small USIS establishment there. He embarrassed me somewhat when he advised me that it was his duty to report the arrival of all visiting Americans to the local commissioner. However, I thought it unfair to ask him to break this rule, and also unwise to suggest that my journey was in any way irregular. I felt quite sure that no official scrutiny could be turned in my direction within the brief period of one business day.

Although this was my second visit in Mandalay, I must confess I never climbed the famous hill to the pagoda on top. The steps just seemed endless, and the sun far too hot.

Beyond Mandalay and up the Mu Val-

ley the railway line was at that time still considerably disturbed, and so I thought it more discreet to make the next stage of the journey, to Katha, by river launch. As the launch was scheduled to leave Mandalay before dawn I went aboard it Monday night. These launches, now operated by the IWT (Inland Water Transport Board), nationalized successor to the former Irrawaddy Flotilla Company, are a sad contrast with the luxurious boats which used to ply Burmese rivers before the war. I have only seen one of these in a derelict condition in Mandalay, but have heard many tales of their comfort and splendor from old-timers in Burma. Unfortunately, the few which survived the war were destroyed by PVO insurgents at Prome, in 1948. The present boats are stubby, compact little sternwheel paddlers, with almost no outside decks. A few so-called first class cabins are located forward on the upper deck, but these are really Spartan. Not even bedding is supplied, as it has been found impossible to keep the passengers from appropriating this. Heavy steel plates fastened to the rail as protection against small arms fire considerably restrict both the view and the breeze that might otherwise be enjoyed. On an earlier trip I had been on a river launch that was fired on from the shore, and knew that these plates were no mere decoration.

Like all other utilities in Burma the efficiency of the river steamers has been sadly reduced since the war. Formerly, I was told, the mail boat ran between Mandalay and Bhamo (275 miles) in a day and a half, and faster downstream. The boats were then able to run day and night, as the channel was adequately marked by buoys and lights. Now all markers have disappeared, and for this reason, as well as for safety, the boats must tie up at night. Hence, the journey has stretched out to three days. (The railway journey from Rangoon to Myitkyina, 709 miles, has suffered even worse. Formerly a 24-hour trip, this now takes five days.)

It was a two day trip from Mandalay to Katha — really a little longer than that, as the boat left the first night's stopping place at 3 A.M. the following morning, and did not reach Katha until after midnight the second night. I was fortunate to meet on the boat a group of IWT officials on an inspection tour; one of them, a Eurasian, Mr. Charles Williams, told me he had helped to scuttle some of the Irrawaddy Flotilla Co. boats at the time of the evacuation. He then stayed behind and later worked for the Japanese regime, but secretly operated a radio transmitter and maintained contact with the Allies. Eventually he was forced to

conceal himself in a small village above Mandalay. We passed this village on the launch; its most conspicuous feature was a massive brick structure about 100 feet high and 200 feet in each dimension. This was the base of an intended pagoda started by a Burmese king 300 years ago, but abandoned after an earthquake cracked the base, which was considered a bad omen. Close by, although not visible from the boat, was, I was told, the largest bell in the world. (During the Second War I had also seen the "largest bell in the world" in Korea.)

Our boat passed numerous large rafts — 300 feet long by 80 feet wide — carrying teak and other hardwoods downstream. These rafts were actually constructed of bamboo, with the hardwood, which would otherwise sink, fastened beneath them. One of my fellow travelers told me some of these rafts floated all the way from Katha to Rangoon (790 miles), a 2½ or 3-month journey. Each raft had to pass 11 "gates" between Katha and Mandalay, where tolls were collected by Communist or PVO insurgents, to the total amount of about Rs. 7,000 (\$840). Although the river was nominally in government control, so that lightly armed vessels like our own could pass in relative safety, lesser craft are at the mercy of the insurgents.

Following arrival at Katha I slept on the launch, anchored in midstream, but was aroused by the "steward" at 4 A.M. in order to catch a 5:55 train, and was ferried ashore on a small boat. At least I thought the boat was lying against the shore, but when I stumbled out in the pitch darkness I found it was tied up outside of two other boats, and I had to feel my way across these and a narrow plank to the shore. Scrambling up the steep bank I found the whole town still sleeping soundly, and no one to direct me to the station. A pariah dog barked at me, however, and every dog in town took up the chorus, and as I had been told of a curfew I feared some guard might take a shot at me. But as I paused at an intersection, after wandering aimlessly for a few minutes, the dogs woke up a man lying behind a counter, and although he could not speak English he recognized the word 'station', and pointed out the right direction. As I drew nearer I was guided by the puffing of the engine. It was fortunate that I had allowed ample time to make this connection, for although my timetable in Rangoon had shown the departure of this train as 5:55, actually it pulled out of Katha at 5 exactly.

Just as we left Katha a heavy shower broke out, and I hoped this did not mean the monsoon would come on prematurely.

FROM KATHA, after changing trains at Naba, on the main line, it is 144 miles and a full day's ride to Myitkyina. Actually I planned to stop at Mayan, a few miles short of Myitkyina, where I would meet Bob Huke, a Purple Heart veteran of Okinawa, who then held a Fulbright scholarship in Burma. He had gone north by air and was visiting a Kachin friend, Kareng Brang, in the Christian village of Mayan.

During the day's journey I was surprised, at the way station of Mohnyin, to have another white man get into my compartment, which I was sharing with U San Myint, a State Timber Board official. Around Rangoon, of course, white people are numerous enough that it is no surprise to run into one you don't know, but up in the Kachin State such a meeting is a real coincidence. However, when the new arrival identified himself I found I already knew who he was — the Rev. Desmond Dansey, a Church of England missionary, with headquarters at Tanai, 120 miles up the Ledo Road from Myitkyina. He has a colleague there, a lay missionary, Mr. Jeffry Rowland, whom I was later to meet. Dansey was, at this time, on one of his occasional circuits of his large district, traveling through remote villages, where a Christian minister is rarely seen, and where he performs marriages and other church offices. He only rode a few miles on the train, for he has to depend on his own feet to cover most of his parish, which lies away from the railway. (He also bicycles regularly between Myitkyina and Tanai.) Dansey gave me the first definite report I had had that the Ledo Road was open throughout and that it should be possible to get over it, although he had never done so himself.

At Sahmaw we passed the remains of the former large sugar mill there, now reduced to scrap. This mill had survived the evacuation and was operated by the Japs, until destroyed by Allied bombing. As Economic Officer of the Embassy I knew a plan to rebuild it, using American-made machinery, had long been under discussion, but several years of dickerings had produced no tangible result.

At Mayan, a small village with just one row of houses facing the railway, I found my friend Huke waiting for me; after so long a journey by such uncertain means of transport it was almost a surprise to make an appointed meeting that casually. We stayed in the home of his friend, one of the more substantial houses in the village, with a lower story of brick, an upper floor of hardwood and a corrugated roof, but innocent of plumbing or electricity. All of Mayan looked more pros-

perous than the typical Kachin village. The main industry there was a timber mill, and it was strange to me to see a whole procession of elephants moving majestically down the street toward this mill. Most of Burma's elephants were killed or dispersed during the war, and they are now rare in Lower Burma. Previously I had seen a few in trips out of Rangoon, but except in the zoo there are now none at all in the capital city.

Huke had already made some inquiries about the Ledo Road, and learned about a fellow who expected to drive up to Tanai the same night of my arrival, and who would stop at Mayan for us. But in typical oriental fashion this fellow never showed up. The following day Huke and I walked two miles down to a nearby Kachin village. With Kareng Brang as our interpreter we went into two or three of the long houses and squatted down to converse with the householders. They were hospitable, courteous and not particularly curious about us. Huke, who was writing a doctoral thesis on Burmese village life, asked a number of questions about crops, sources of cash income, and other domestic details. We learned that one family usually spent about Rs. 30 — Rs. 40* (\$6-\$8) on clothing per year. When Huke asked if he could buy a homemade bamboo spoon the housewife gave it to him instead, and refused the few annas he tried to press upon her.

Nearby we visited a "distillery," where rice whiskey was being made in a crude apparatus. This rice liquor is one of the main sources of cash income for the country people. When we learned that its price was only Re. 1 per quart we wanted to buy a bottle, but learned that we should have brought our own bottle with us.

That afternoon Huke and I, deciding we could not make any contact for a ride over the Ledo Road at Mayan, rode into Myitkyina, about 30 miles, on a wood train. There we put up at the Baptist Mission headquarters, and for the first time in a week I enjoyed some non-Burmese food. Herman Tegenfeldt, who was, I think, the last American to drive over the Ledo Road (in 1947), had left a few days earlier for Rangoon, but another missionary, Miss Mary Laughlin, was in charge of the guest home.

The following morning we began looking up people who might have information about trucks going north, over the road. First we spoke with a brother of

Kareng Brang, our host at Mayan. From him we heard that familiar story that so often confronts travelers in out-of-the-way places; a truck had already left the same morning, and if only we had been there a little earlier . . . But a Dodge was expected to go part way up the road on the following day, taking back the chief of the Tanai district, who was returning from the water festival at Rangoon, and he thought we could go with him.

Next, on Miss Laughlin's suggestion, we called upon Mr. Sinhar, Executive Engineer of the Kachin Public Works Department (in charge of roads). Mr. Sinhar kindly came to our aid, and with an energy and persistence most unusual in the Orient he quickly tracked down the half dozen traders he knew who sometime operated up the Ledo Road. The Tanai chief, we found, did not expect to go within several days. But finally Mr. Sinhar located one trader, a Mr. Singh, who expected to leave the following day, going all the way to the border. In fact, Mr. Singh said, he would take me into Ledo, for although the border was normally closed to through traffic he had some kind of a special permit that allowed him to enter India. If the morrow were a "good" (i.e., a cloudy) day he might leave around 11. Otherwise the expedition would start about 4 in the afternoon.



BRIDGE ON the Burma Road, crossing the Gokteik River, about halfway between Mandalay and Lashio. The bridge is reached by a long descent consisting of numerous hairpin turns on both sides.

*Incidentally, the Burmese rupee has recently been decimalized, and is now properly known as the "kyat." The kyat is divided into 100 pyas, and the anna has disappeared.

Singh agreed to take me all the way through for Rs. 50, and Huke would accompany me as far as Tanai.

BECAUSE OF the very irregular nature of the traffic over the Ledo Road I thought I was fortunate to find this ride so early. With these arrangements completed Huke and I were free to look around Myitkyina more leisurely. The war damage in this town is not nearly as evident as in Rangoon — although I made no effort to seek out the centers of fighting.

We learned something about the local political and social institutions in the Kachin State. Despite the left-wing character of the present central Burmese government, the tribal chiefs actually have more authority now than they did in the final days of the British regime. This authority is largely undefined, however, and really extends just as far as each chief can push it. We heard several stories to illustrate this point. One concerned the Sama Duwa Sinwa Nawng, a tribal chieftain who had risen to the post of head of the Kachin State and a minister in the central government. During the last election he had insisted on the arbitrary arrest of two opponents campaigning against him; the civil officer who refused to perform this illegal act shortly learned that his "resignation" had been accepted. I was already familiar with this Duwa as the proponent of a large automobile-airplane-locomotive factory in the Kachin State. This proposal was taken seriously enough by the Burmese government that the importation of cars was prohibited for several years, in the expectation that they would shortly be rolling out of the Duwa's factory. As a matter of fact, one primitive automobile was actually built by a Japanese-trained Burmese mechanic, working under the Duwa's auspices.

Slavery in the Triangle area north of Myitkyina, an area only "semi-administered" even now, was abolished as recently as 1922, under British prodding. Most of the slaves had been obtained by raids upon Manipur and Assam, and most of the slaveowners were the chieftains. They were paid Rs. 100 for each slave upon emancipation, and most of them celebrated the accession of this sudden wealth by throwing a lavish "manao." The result was that shortly after the chiefs had neither the slaves nor the money.

The following day, which was Sunday and the ninth day since my departure from Rangoon, we thought the weather looked "good", and thus stayed away from church on the chance that Mr. Singh

might decide for an early departure. But he failed to show up and I was sorry to miss the services — not because I am a faithful churchgoer, but because it seems only proper to attend church when one is the guest of a missionary. Finally, Singh's battered weapons carrier showed up, about 4 o'clock, but the collection of the other passengers and the packing and repacking of the luggage still took several hours before our actual departure. The bulk of our freight consisted of 8 or 10 large bags of rice which filled most of the body of the truck. On and around this clustered most of the 14 passengers. Their personal luggage and some additional freight were tied on to the light steel framework over the body, which was never intended to carry any heavier load than a canvas cover. Consequently, this frame sagged downward till it nearly touched the load in the body of the truck beneath it. But as if that were not enough two or three passengers also clambered up to sit on the "roof" of the truck. Up in front, besides Singh and the driver, sat Huke and myself. The "spare," a normal part of the crew on any Oriental truck or bus, perched on the spare tire at one side, and a Eurasian passenger occupied the tool kit on the other.

My fellow passengers were an assorted lot. They included the Eurasian, wearing some remnants of Army clothing; a woman of some indeterminate tribe with a ring in her nose and a bit of stomach exposed between her blouse and skirt, carrying several bamboo containers of rice whiskey; a young Burman wearing a sleeveless turtleneck sweater with a long scarf additionally wrapped around his neck; an Indian wearing a longyi, wool undershirt and blue serge coat, and with misshapen teeth stained by betel juice; a Naga with knife scars on his face and arms, but also wearing steelrim glasses; a tribesman in rough shorts and shirt but dignified by a round felt hat and jaunty hatband; a silent Indian in dhoti and turban; and a young Indian boy conventionally dressed except for one long lock of hair projecting from his head. I learned later he was going to Benares to study for the Brahmin priesthood.

Next Month On the Ledo Road

"It Happened In CBI"

We'd like to revive that popular feature, "It Happened In CBI." It was discontinued several issues ago for lack of entries. Send us your most amusing incident that occurred in CBI. It may win the \$5.00 award!

Remembrance Mag

● May I extend congratulations to Roundup and its editorial policy of keeping this a magazine of remembrances. If the boys who want controversial issues really mean it, let them carry their ideas to the V.F.W. and American Legion where there is enough membership to make a dent on congressional thinking. Just continue to publish good articles, pictures and help us to make contact with our old buddies and you'll be tops in all magazines published . . . Enjoyed Jinx Falkenburg's story in the April issue. Needless to say she was quite a gal. Should any of the old Hump Control gang be around, I'd like to hear from them, better still see them in St. Louis next August.

JAMES E. CAMPBELL,
701 Bellemeade,
Evansville, Ind.

April Cover Subject

● You failed to tell us about the coolie with the mule on the April issue cover . . .

SAMUEL BLODGETT,
New York, N.Y.

Our error. He is a Chinese muleteer, carrying an American rifle. He brought mule packs of mortar ammunition to American Kachin Rangers operating behind Jap lines in Burma.—Ed.



DHOBHI WALLAHS doing U.S. Army Quartermaster laundry near Calcutta. The wallah at right is giving a shirt that tender bashing—against-a-rock treatment.

1347th AAFBU

● Would like to get the address of Henry Shoemate who was with me at Shamshernagor. Would appreciate hearing from anyone who knows his whereabouts, also from any of the fellows who were with the 1347th AAFBU.

RAYMOND SURFACE,
47 E. Mulberry,
Lebanon, Ohio

12th Bomb History

● Could you give me any information as to whether or not a history was written about the 12th Bomb Group? I was with the 82nd Squadron before going to the 98th Airdrome Squadron and moving the 10th AF to China.

EDWARD MERRILL, Sr.,
Burlington, Vt.

Flying Tigers Squadron

● A recent issue of the "Air Force Times" carried this little story: "The famed Flying Tigers Squadron on air defense duty with the Northeast Air Command at Thule (Greenland) flew more than 9,000 hours in F-89 All-Weather jet interceptors during the past year without a single aircraft accident. This total involved over 5200 missions and the distance covered equals 114 times around the globe. Inheritors of the historical traditions of Maj. Gen. Claire L. Chennault's heralded volunteer group of China-Burma fame, the flying crews of the 74th are carrying on the Flying Tiger spirit . . . Since the reactivation of the 74th in 1951 they have won two Meritorious Achievement awards for outstanding flying safety."

HAROLD L. GILL,
Phoenix, Ariz.

Humble Jinx

● Was glad to read the article on Jinx Falkenburg's tour of duty in CBI. I believe the biggest reason the GI's all over CBI liked her so well was that she was so humble. She made us feel as though we were doing her a favor to let her come over to entertain us! She's tops on my list.

BERNARD A. MERZ,
New Haven, Conn.



BUSY STREET corner at Howrah, a suburb of Calcutta. Those are two GI's in the rickshaw at left.



Chota Peg and Small Talk

By
Syed Mohammed
Abdullah

Recipe of the Month

PULAO

With Peas

- 1 large onion sliced
- 2 cubes butter or margarine
- 1 lb. white rice
- 4 cups water
- 1 tbsp. salt
- 1 tsp. curry powder
- $\frac{1}{2}$ tsp. cumin
- $\frac{1}{8}$ tsp. cayenne
- $\frac{1}{8}$ tsp. ginger
- Black pepper and tumeric
- 1 pkg. (10 oz.) frozen peas

In a heavy saucepan, saute onion in shortening until clear. Add rice and saute until rice turns yellow, about five minutes. Pour in water. Add salt, curry powder, cumin, cayenne, ginger, pepper and tumeric. Stir to mix seasoning. Cover tightly and simmer without stirring for 25 minutes. Remove cover and place thawed peas and butter on top. Cover and cook slowly for five minutes or longer until peas are tender. Just before serving, turn under once to mix peas and butter. Serves eight.

Being an East Indian in America has its ramifications these days. No longer can I get away with the ever welcome cliché, "Unaccustomed as I am to public speaking" It would appear that no excuse will suffice and I might as well resign myself to being a diplomat without portfolio, a charge d'affairs without affairs, and an all around unpaid emissary of India. Unlike other public relations executives, I have yet to have a business interview end without being given the business. "Mr. Abdullah, why are Indians different in their views from Americans?" The difference is 5,000 more years of civilized history, as all good CBI-ers know.

The latest question was asked by an irate victim of the barter system. It would seem he has no appreciation of the bazaar wallahs. He wanted a fixed price on everything. Wanted to know where he stood. Did not want tea. Was not interested in the merchants' history

and wanted the article fair-traded and wholesaled properly. I understand his irritation with the slow and ancient method of bartering, but I certainly think it beats the cocktail bargain we strike in this country. No hangover! Of course, the Indian method is frustrating to the sharp business man because even after he's got the lowest bid he may find that he could have bought several stalls down for the same price without haggling. Myself, I think it's more fun to haggle over a cup of tea, then thrill over getting the lowest bid on a job that the business man knows is worth more money, or getting it wholesale or price-cutting wars. At least in India you have a fighting chance.

Seriously speaking, there is another aspect of American life I would not change. I had the thrill of seeing the tremendous work the Warren Avenue Public School in Seattle is doing toward the rehabilitation of handicapped children. Have you heard the near deaf talk as normally as we do? Seen the blind read in Braille and type their communications, the whole world of knowledge open to them at the same age as normal children?

I saw them competing in class rooms with the other children who had no handicaps and keeping pace and sometimes leading in comprehension. India's teeming millions will not permit the salvation of the few. But I saw cerebral palsy children doing free art, weaving and writing, learning to feed themselves and building confidence. Did you help in the cerebral palsy drive? I hope you did. These kids have names to me now; Susie, Mary and Tim. There is a place for them in this Western world of ours. It made me remember some of the street scenes in India and think of the terrific contrast between the East and the West.

Next month we'll try another curry just to keep you in practice.

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Ex-CBI Roundup

P. O. Box 1769

Denver 1, Colo.

835th Signal Bn.

● My husband, Joseph E. Watson, died of a heart attack Feb. 28th. He was a T/4 with the 835th Signal Service Bn. at Karachi and New Delhi. In civilian life he was a radio operation and repairman. In his spare time he operated a ham station under the call letters W5TC1. He was 39 years old at the time of his death.

Mrs. JOSEPH WATSON,
Vicksburg, Miss.

165th Ordnance Co.

● Had 28 months with the 165th Ordnance Co. at Soothering. Would appreciate hearing from members of the old outfit who would care to drop me a line. Will answer all letters received.

CHARLES M. WOLF,
2 Berkley Dr.,
Chillicothe, Ohio

Wants Old Papers

● Some time ago Roundup carried a letter from a CBI-er who offered his back issues of the original CBI Roundup to anyone who could use them. I would like to have any back copies of the CBI and I-B Roundups, China Lantern and Phoenix. Will be happy to pay postage.

JOHN F. CARROLL,
90-05 221st Pl.,
Queens Village, N.Y.



ALL GOOD Calcutta Commandos will immediately recognize this scene on Chowringhee Road, looking north.

596th Engineering Sq.

● Have been a subscriber for over a year now and have read nothing about the 596th Air Engineering Sq. of the 380th Air Service Gp. The Feb. issue carried a current status newsletter on the 44th Air Service Gp. and if I receive enough replies to this appeal will try to work one out for our group.

JAMES W. BAKER,
Chicago 49, Ill.

Capt. Clark Dies

● You may be interested to know Capt. James B. Clark, formerly with a Signal outfit in Burma, died on March 5th.

GERALD J. KING,
Miami, Fla.

Chicago Basha Dance

● The Chicago CBI Basha now has a mailing list of over 600 names but we believe there are many more in the Chicago area who should be receiving our monthly bulletins. Such persons will be placed on this list if they will send their names to Loch Gary, 11 S. LaSalle, Chicago 3, Ill. The next two regular meetings of the Chicago Basha are scheduled for the evenings of March 25 and April 22 and will be held at the Midwest Hotel. We have a big Country Club Dance scheduled for May 6th to which all CBI-ers are invited.

WM. MATHIESEN,
Chicago, Ill.

Iowa CBI-ers to Meet

● There will be a meeting of the Carl F. Moershel Basha, CBI Vets Assn., at the Ox Yoke Inn, Amana, Iowa, April 16th at 1 p.m. Anyone from Iowa who is interested in our group is welcome to attend. We hope to have a good gathering.

BARBARA KELLY,
Adjutant, Iowa
Bettendorf, Ia.



THUPARAMA DAGOBA at Anuradhapura, Ceylon, oldest shrine on the island. Ruins 2,000 years old in foreground. Photo by Sedge LeBlang.

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7th Bombardment Group

This Newsletter of the 7th Bomb Group was compiled by Mr. & Mrs. Max Hillman, 1553 W. 223rd, Torrance, Calif. By endless correspondence the Hillmans have managed to keep in touch with a good many 7th Bomb men. Roundup regrets it could not allow sufficient space to publish the entire Newsletter because of its unusual length.—Ed.

Earl I. Abramson, M/Sgt., 493rd, Philco Corp., San Francisco, single, flies all over the world on business; **Albert J. Alexander**, 1st Sgt., 11th, Capt., USAF, with Selective Service of Oklahoma, Okla. City; **Ernie Alexander**, M/Sgt., USAF, March AFB, Riverside, Calif.; **Cornell Allen**, Sgt., Postman and part time for Pinkerton Agency, Ferguson, Mo.; **Howard Anderson**, 9th, wheat rancher at Willow City, N.D.; **James F. Anderson**, 493rd, pumper for an oil company, Roundup, Wyo.; **Luther Anderson**, travels a bit, calls Minneapolis home; **William H. Anderson**, manager of a string of grain elevators, Sprague, Wash.; **Lee M. Appel**, 492nd clothing salesman at San Francisco; **Clarence O. Ard**, Sgt., 493rd, wheat rancher, built his own 10-room home at St. Anthony, Ida.; **Kenneth B. Arnold**, U.S. Gypsum Co., Portland, Ore.; **Maurice E. Blair** has a tourist park at Hepburnville, Pa.; **Elwood Baker**, Capt., USAF Res., with Delco Appliance Div., GMC, Rochester, N.Y.; **Howard Basler**, 9th, Insp. pre-flight for Boeing Aircraft, Seattle, Wash.; **Fred Bastrom**, Sgt., 9th & 493rd, on Police force at Boston, Mass.; **Chester Beam**, Sgt., 9th, now 1st Lt. USAF, last at Mtn. Home AFB, Ida.; **J. Wade Bennett**, 9th, in Exec. office of Bruce Co., Memphis, Tenn.; **Leland Berlette**, 493rd, pilot for Trans-World Airlines, lives at L.I., N.Y.; **Marcel Bervar** with Boraxo Co. out of Spokane, Wash.; **John E. Bittner**, 493rd pilot, now a builder, married, 5 sons, lives at Mt. Healthy, Ohio; **Berkely W. Black**, Sgt., 9th, in civil service at Babbitt, Nev.; **Ira W. Branch**, Sgt., 9th, gets around on his job, pre-flight service on helicopters, wife and family at San Jose, Calif.

Melvin E. Brittain, Sgt., 493rd, in lumber business with father at Dillard, Ore.; **James Brydie**, 436th, last said to be with a large hotel in N.Y.C.; **Alma Bugger** has a Drive-In theater at Layton, Utah; **Hugh G. Buhrman**, Cpl., 9th, a farm implement dealer in Richmond, Va.; **Grant L. Butcher**, a PW, studying electronics at Chicago; **Richard H. Carmichael**, Capt., 9th, now a Brig. General on duty with the USAF in Wash.; **Lloyd C. Caswell**, 493rd, Sgt.,

dairyman, cattle and farming at Americus, Ga.; **Warren C. Chadwick**, 9th, Sgt., ranches near Kaycee, Wyo.; **James Chapman**, 493rd, Sgt., precision machinist at Santa Ana, Calif.; **L. I. Christianson**, 436th, co-pilot during the war, now an M.D. at Appleton, Wis.; **William G. Clark**, 493rd, farming at Palmyra, N.Y.; **Lyle B. Clemons**, M/Sgt., USAF, Davis-Monthan AFB, Ariz.; **Albert Clocksin**, Major, USAF, Wright-Patterson AFB, Ohio; **Marvin L. Cockrell**, grain buyer at Shelby, Mont.; **Henry C. Coke**, Major, 493rd, attorney at Dallas; **Harley Conrad**, 436th, owns a grain elevator at Godfrey, Ill.; **Bruce C. Cooper**, Sgt., 9th, now a dentist at St. Louis; **Walter F. Cox**, 88th, 436th & 492nd, with the Milwaukee RR, Harlowton, Mont.; **James Crowley**, Sgt., 9th, Greyhound Bus driver, Concord, Calif.; **Wilbur H. Cupp**, Group Hq., with an aircraft firm at Dallas; **Walter W. Daffin**, procurement officer with the AF, San Diego, Calif.; **Charles Dana**, Sgt., 493rd, dairyman at Thayne, Wyo.; **Donald M. Davis**, 493rd, Major with AF, recently returned from Korea; **R. E. Davison**, 493rd, M/Sgt. stationed in Honolulu; **John Dees**, 9th, flight engineer with American Air Lines, Ft. Worth, Tex.; **Carl DeLeeuw**, 9th, flight engineer, United Air Lines, Denver.

James G. Demos, Jr., owns a cafe at Casper, Wyo.; **Harold DeWald**, instructor, ROTC, Moscow, Ida.; **Dean A. Doak**, auto agency at Butte, Mont.; **Don E. Doty**, 11th, railroader at Provo, Utah; **Charles V. Duncan, Jr.**, pilot with the 9th, insurance agent at Modesto, Calif.; **Carl Eckholm**, dry cleaning route, San Diego, Calif.; **Bill Eichler**, 493rd, Sgt., Greyhound Bus driver, Fairfield, Calif.; **Robert A. Epeneter**, group dentist, Silverton, Ore.; **Harold Everett**, 436th, ranching near Moore, Ida.; **Grady Farley**, 493rd, a PW, has Govt. job, Russellville, Ala.; **Robert E. Fehyl**, 9th, sheet metal firm, Cody, Wyo.; **Angelo Filipelli**, 9th cook, wholesale florist at San Francisco; **Robert E. Fillet**, president of International Aircraft Exchange, Lake Success, N.Y.; **Norwood Forrest**, Sgt., 9th, heavy equipment mechanic, Gibbon, Ore.; **John M. Foxworthy**, Group S-4, newspaper, Lodoga, Ind.; **Hugo Franz**, 9th & 493rd, Addressograph salesman, Sacramento, Calif.; **Robert Gallmeister**, 493rd, Sgt., railroading, Palermo, Calif.; **Whalon Gill**, 436th, mechanic, Boulder, Mont.; **Wm. J. Gladny**, 493rd, Sgt., civilian worker, McClellan AFB, Calif.; **Harold Goad**, 9th PW, pilot for Eastern Air Lines, Miami, Fla.; **Ralph Gordon**, 9th & 493rd,

Sgt., Douglas Aircraft assembly line, Torrance, Calif.; **Robert Greenwood**, 493rd, S/Sgt., insurance agency, Winchendon, Mass.; **Neil C. Greninger**, 493rd, Sgt., wheat rancher, Comdr. of Legion Post, Mansfield, Wash.; **John Haaheim**, 436th, Major at Wright-Patterson AFB, Ohio; **Robert P. Hage**, 436th, Sgt., Foreman, inspection, pre-flight, Boeing Aircraft, Bellevue, Wash.; **William E. Hall**, 493rd, Sgt., draftsman at Glendora, Calif.; **John Hallgren**, Capt., USAF, Greenville, Miss.; **O. C. Hare**, 493rd, Sgt., has a motorcycle shop at Westminster, Calif.; **Marian Harrap**, 493rd, Sgt., VIP in big lumber firm at Ririe, Ida.; Col. **Alba Hascall**, retired at Ft. Worth, Tex.; **C. L. Hendrickson**, 9th, Sgt., fireman at Kalispell, Mont.

Paul G. Heywood, works at Hill AFB, Utah; **Frank Hickenbottom**, Hq., S/Sgt., a wheel with J. C. Penney Co., Eugene, Ore.; **O. D. Hill**, 9th, Sgt., M/Sgt. in AF, recently guest of Chinese Air Force on Formosa; **C. A. "Max" Hillsman**, 493rd, Sgt., asst. foreman, Douglas Aircraft, Torrance, Calif.; **Milo Hoadley**, 492nd, Cpl., has a service station at Reno, Nev.; **O. N. Hoffman**, 492nd, civilian worker at Travis AFB, Calif.; **J. A. Holt**, Major, with Bureau of Standards, Riverside, Calif.; **David Hyatt**, officer with CBI Vets Assn., St. Louis, Mo.; **James B. Hatter**, Capt., with South Texas Appliance Corp., San Antonio, Tex.; **"Wild Bill" Jaueri**, 436th, auto body man with Ford garage, Idaho Falls, Ida.; **Donald M. Junge**, 436th, with Alameda Naval Air Station, lives at Hayward, Calif.; **George D. Kander**, furniture store, Salt Lake City, Utah; **Walter C. Karol**, 9th, field service dept., North American Aircraft, Los Angeles; **Rudolph Karpstein**, 493rd, Sgt., a M/Sgt., USAF, Portland, Ore.; **James H. Keenan**, Capt., 493rd, now Lt. Col., George AFB, Calif.; **Patrick J. Kelly**, 493rd, owns Patricia Platers, Greenville, Tex.; **David N. Kellogg**, Col., USAF in Germany; **D. Danny**

Koch, 493rd, a M/Sgt. USAF, advisor to the Japanese Self Defense Air Force, now at Salt Lake City; **W. B. Kolbus**, 11th, Lt. Col., USAF, Redlands, Calif.; **E. A. Kremer**, Lt. Col. USAF, due back in States soon; **Douglas LaBlatt**, 9th, Sgt., owner of furniture store at Modesto, Calif.; **Homer Lollo**, 493rd, S/Sgt., auto body repairman, Allison Park, Pa.; **J. Lee Lorimer**, 9th, with Holland Furnace Co., Denver; **Curtis Magruder**, 22nd crew chief, fire dept., Billings, Mont.; **Ernie F. Mair**, 9th, carpenter at Casper, Wyo.; **J. W. Mercer**, 436th, asst. dir. personnel & safety for Midwest Haulers, Inc., Toledo, O.; **Louis Meza**, 9th, Sgt., with lumber firm at Davis Creek, Calif.

L. T. Michie, 9th, Cpl., owns farm at Merigold, Miss.; **James Milleken**, 436th, mechanic for Capital Air Lines, Rockville, Md.; **P. K. Miller**, 9th, truck line operator, Hammond, Ind.; **K. M. Moore**, 9th, M/Sgt. USAF, San Angelo, Tex.; **Joseph T. McDermott**, 492nd, pilot, now food broker, Tyrone, N.Y.; **John McDonald**, 436th Capt., School supt. at Belt, Mont.; **John McKenna**, 436th, Major, USAF, Wright-Patterson AFB, O.; **Joseph J. Nazzaro**, Brig. Gen., USAF, Hunter AFB, Ga.; **Conrad F. Necrason**, Group Commander, now Lt. Col. USAF, Hq., Wash., D.C.; **Raymond V. Nelson**, 493rd, farming near Lafayette, Ill.; **Donald E. Patterson**, 436th, attorney at San Fernando, Calif.; **Rudy Pearson**, 493rd, truck line operator, Cedarville, Mich.; **Louis B. Perrone**, 493rd, now M/Sgt. ROTC instructor, St. Lawrence University, Canton, N.Y.; **Don H. Peterson**, 493rd, commercial photographer, Glendale, Calif.; **Joseph Pirruccello**, 492nd C.O., now Col., USAF, believed overseas; **Leonard Prough**, 493rd, farming near Bronson, Mich.; **Ernest Quick**, 493rd PW, attorney at Houston, Tex.; **Harold Raiklen**, 9th, engineer at North American Aircraft, Long Beach, Calif.; **Grant Risa**, 436th, T/Sgt., farming near Opheim, Mont.; **Alfred T. Rodrigues**, Hq., Sgt., with U.S. State Dept., at Rio de Janeiro, Brazil; **D. J. Rogers**, 9th Capt., now Col. USAF, Tokyo, Japan; **William F. Shelley**, 9th, T/Sgt., school teacher and summer-time forest ranger, Carson, Wash.; **John F. S. Sims**, 9th, a Lt. Col. in National Guard, attorney, Columbus, Miss.; **Gail O. Simon**, 436th, Sgt., auto salesman at Wamego, Kans.; **Robert Simmons**, 436th, with proving grounds at Tooele, Utah; **Robert R. Slocum**, attorney at Mound City, S.D.; **Henry R. Smith**, 493rd, with Ford garage at Los Angeles.

Leland Skinner, 493rd Sgt., owns service station at Thayne, Wyo.; **Carl E. Soudstrom**, Col., Offutt AFB, Nebr.; **Elmo Sorenson**, 492nd, farming near McClellan, Ia.; **Floyd Sorg**, 492nd, farming at Dos

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Palos, Calif.; **John M. Sparks**, 9th, now CWO at Vacaville, Calif.; **Joe J. Steurer**, 11th & 31st M/Sgt., retired Capt., owns small ranch near Rogue River, Ore.; **Robert Stewart**, living near Chugiak, Alaska; **Paul E. Stinson**, 9th & 493rd, typewriter mechanic at Newcastle, Ind.; **John L. Stone**, 493rd, has refrigeration company at Pittsburgh; **Dale Strohbehn**, route salesman for oil firm at Council Bluffs, Ia.; **Don R. Sucher**, 9th, foreman for Douglas Aircraft, Santa Monica, Calif.; **John M. Suggs**, Hq., Major, now Lt. Col., Hamilton, AFB, Calif.; **Raymond B. Swartz**, 436th gunner & photo, Beech-Nut salesman, roto-tiller service in spare time, Mechanicsburg, Pa.; **Walter Stewart**, 9th Capt., now Lt. Col. USAF, Shalimar, Fla.; Rev. **William Taggart**, Hq., chaplain, wrote the book, "My Fighting Congregation," Atlanta, Ga.; **Francis N. Thompson**, 493rd Capt., now Lt. Col. USAF, on way overseas; **B. H. Tober**, staff weather officer,

now aircraft inspector, civil service, San Diego, Calif.; **Hubert Trembley**, 492nd, aircraft mechanic for Douglas Aircraft, Torrance, Calif.; **James E. Tull**, 9th, acting C.O. in Karachi, now minister of Blacksburg, Va., Baptist Church; **Chester C. Varnell, Jr.**, 9th, T/Sgt., co-owner of Chattanooga Hardware Co., Chattanooga, Tenn.; **William Wagner**, 492nd pilot, has shoe company in Warsaw, Ind.; **Robert R. Walker**, 9th, T/Sgt., mechanical engineer, Cleveland, O.; **B. H. Walsh**, 493rd, owns string of 3 car wash shops around Los Angeles; **Robert Washburn**, 493rd, watch repairman at Owosso, Mich.; **Roy A. Wentz**, 9th PW, legal dept. of Du Pont Co., Wilmington, Del.; **Wesley Werner**, 493rd Major, now Col. USAF, a PW, now Professor of Air Science, ROTC, University of Mo., Columbia, Mo.; **Joe Wascavage**, Minn. Honeywell Rep. for 7th Bomb Group, now with Westinghouse, Aircraft Div., lives at Glen Burnie, Md.

Only One in CBI

Fate of Deserters

By Col. JOHN M. VIRDEN

MAYBE I'M a little more impatient with war-time deserters than are some others. In the CBI there was no place to desert to. So we didn't have any.

Oh, we did have one fellow up at Ledo who shot a QM truck company skipper and for same was tabbed to stretch six feet of new hemp rope. But before he decorated the gallows tree he got away and fled to the Naga headhunter country, high in the Himalayas. But the Nagas were too sharp for a trick like that; they forked him back to Uncle Joe Stilwell and the murderer was the only American soldier executed in the China-Burma-India theater of war.

Now in Europe it was a far different story. There certainly were deserters, by the thousands. There were places they could hide, and people who would hide them. They knew that the penalty of deserting in the face of the enemy in time of war is death. But it seldom came to that extreme. The full measure was meted out to only one man in the ETO, and he has since become the subject of a celebrated book.

For the most part the skulkers took their chances on 20 years in the lockup to avoid being shot at in a very rough and disagreeable war.

It has been the same in every war we, or anybody else, ever had since the first knell of time.

Now, what became of these men? Well, most of them came walking in sooner or later, usually after the worst danger had passed, and stood trial. Some of them drifted into the black market, or maybe jumped in is more like it, and most were eventually nailed by the military or civilian police.

But the truth is there are several (nobody is certain just how many) wartime deserters living in Europe today. You can get several kinds of figures out of the Pentagon. But what they add up to nobody really knows.

What is more, some of these Americans who have gone native in France and Germany date back to World War I.

One day late in World War II a friend of mine, who commanded B Battery of the 12th Field Artillery, was busy settling his battery in a little French town when an old fellow, wearing a peasant's smock and sabots, rattled across the cobble stones and asked, "Sir, are you the battery commander?" The officer said yes.

"Well, Sir, I've come to turn myself in. I'm a deserter from this battery. We were bivouacked in this very town in October, 1918, when I went over the hill. It's been a hard life . . . I've had enough . . . lock me up."

The young redleg captain looked at the worn old "Frenchman" for a minute before saying: "Now, you just go surrender to somebody else. I've got enough trouble without spending the rest of the war filling out paper work on a guy who has been over the hill for 25 years."

The old man shuffled off. Maybe he's living in that little French village yet.

dia" which will sell items from India and other sections of the Far East. You have listed Hong Kong as one of the places from where you will import goods. There has been much talk about Red China manufacturing items and selling them through Hong Kong, with a Hong Kong label on them. In my opinion, no American should purchase anything made in Red China.

ROBERT J. MATISSE,
Minneapolis, Minn.

Having been called to our attention previously, we have cancelled plans to import from Hong Kong.—Ed.

112th Station Hospital

● I continue to enjoy Roundup and have passed them on to other members with whom I come in contact. Have been much interested in reading articles pertaining to Calcutta. I was a member of the 112th Station Hospital, Col. Charles Leedom was C.O. and later Base Surgeon.

Capt. ANNE N. BAUER,
Ft. Harrison, Ind.



AT MYITKYINA, ox carts that brought wounded from the front return with rations and ammunition to the edge of town where American and Chinese forces were still hammering the Japanese. Wrecked C-47 transport is in background. U.S. Army photo, July 12, 1944.

CBI No Rose Bed!

● Have just received the March issue and read it through. In reference to Gerald M. Mahady's letter in which he asserts that Roundup has gone flat, I am sure that the majority of us like the magazine as is and I am also sure that no one is shoving it down his throat. Mahady makes some nasty remarks about those of us who served in CBI. It is true that some of us had a fairly easy time compared with men who served in several other

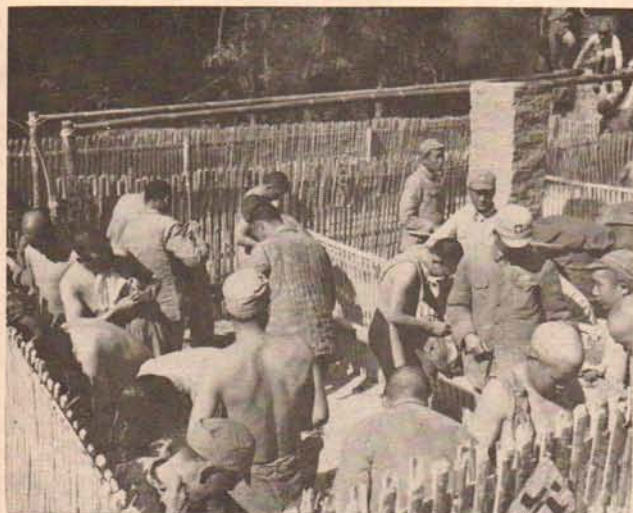
areas. I wonder however if he had anything to do with his assignment? If so, he is probably the only one. As far as I'm concerned, no base in CBI was a bed of roses, combat or no combat. After reading the magazine for several years, I do find that most of the letters recall only the good rather than the bitter experiences over there. This is as it should be. Is it possible that Mahady wants us all to be a bunch of neurotics by always thinking of the dark side?

ROBERT H. MASON,
Jonesville, S.C.

'Where To' File

● Have been to so many outfits in India and the States that my file reads like "where to?" Would like to meet some of the fellows via mail that I was with. Started out from Aiken, S.C. with the 353rd Service Squadron of the 307th Group, and left with the 25th Service Group with Capt. R. O. Bandlow; then 349th under Major Devine; and to the 584th Materiel of the 86th under Lt. Dodson, then on DS to Cargo Service with the 22nd Air Depot under Capt. Reed and then back to the 97th Repair Squadron of the 22nd Air Depot Group.

EDWIN L. BROOKS,
9731 So. Brennan,
Chicago 17, Ill.



CHINESE SOLDIERS undress before having their clothes rolled in bundles, tagged and put into steam chambers to be deloused and have scabies treatment. U.S. Army photo, Dec. 25, 1944.



Commander's Message

by
Charles A. Mitchell
National Commander
China-Burma-India
Veterans Assn.

Salaams, Sahibs and Memsahibs:

Seems like some of Roundup's readers want the magazine to take a stand on international affairs and the different commissions on Capitol Hill.

I get hit between the eyes plenty myself on reading and hearing the different things that affect the disabled veterans of World War I and II. I generally go down to a VFW or American Legion meeting and let off some steam. Both the organizations mentioned have national offices in Washington and can hit where it does the most good.

Speaking for the CBI Vets Association, we are a very small group alongside the other veteran organizations. We are grouped together for one purpose only — reminiscing and conviviality, having an annual reunion and talking only of our experiences during our service in the CBI Theater. That, Sahibs and Memsahibs, is the way our by-laws and constitution read at this moment.

Every year at our annual reunion we all have an opportunity to adopt new by-laws and revise our constitution. Our next reunion will be held at the Jefferson Hotel, St. Louis, Mo., August 4-7. Every member of the CBIVA will have the chance to come and make recommendations for changing of the by-laws as they see fit and take any stand that our organization agrees upon.

Let's all plan to attend the next reunion at St. Louis and voice our opinions. We need a strong force to back up any

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stand we might take, so do plan to attend this year.

The 'round-the-world Pilgrimage to India seems to be well under way. There's more on the tour elsewhere in this issue. Here is an excellent opportunity to show your wives just what we mean when we talk of the different wonders of the Orient. You'll never find a less expensive and more exciting way to go than with this tour party.

I am in the heating and air-conditioning business and by the sense of good business I shouldn't go on this trip as it is right in the middle of the heating season. But Jan, my wife, and I are going! Let's forget business for six weeks and embark on this wonderful adventure. I personally don't believe we will ever get together like this again during our lifetime.

We only live once and every day we see advertisements showing elderly people retiring and taking trips. Let's go while we are still young so we will have time to discuss and dream over our trip and mementos before we say goodbye for good!

Yours in Comradeship,

CHARLES A. MITCHELL,
National Commander,
2322 So. Burdick,
Kalamazoo, Mich.

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From General Dorn

● In a way it is an odd thing that of all the overseas theaters, most of which were much more important than the CBI, the CBI is the only one which has been kept alive. Roundup has done more than anyone in that respect, but in addition our old CBI patch is the only overseas patch that seems to be worn by almost everyone who has any claim to it. In many ways the CBI was such a strange theater, and so darned frustrating, that I suppose we all feel towards it about the same as a mother does to her one backward child. At least I can speak for my own command, the Y Force (later the CT & CC) in Yunnan, which I have always looked upon as one of the greatest experiences of my life.

When I think of that bunch of kids, because most of them were not much more than that at best, I still marvel at what they did, what they had to put up with, and their resourceful ingenuity in getting done what had to be done. They all knew that the great and heroic battles of the war were not for them, and yet they never seemed to lose an enthusiasm for doing their jobs. Frankly I used to wonder why. At any rate, every one of them left me with an enduring respect for the American GI

and the younger officers, neither of whom had too much training or military background to fall back upon. Congratulations on the fine job Roundup is doing and my best wishes for its continued success.

Brig. Gen. FRANK DORN
Carmel, Calif.

52nd Service Group

● Last week I received a 1953 copy of Ex-CBI Roundup. It was the first I knew that such a magazine existed. Really enjoyed this copy, sent to me by Father Dahlheimer of Collegeville, Minn. He was the outfit chaplain (52nd Air Service Group) and I was his Chaplain's assistant. Place me on the list, please.

Rev. FRED B. SCHULTZ,
Salem, N.J.



NATIVE SAMPAN in canal near Calcutta. Indians used the small boats for housing, hauling, fishing and pleasure.



TRUCK of a China-bound convoy passes natives beside their loads of firewood at Lungling, on the Burma Road. U.S. Army photo, Jan., '45.

Blind Hindu Weaver

● Does any CBI-er recall the name of the kindly old and blind Hindu weaver of our Air Force and CBI insignia? He used his hands, feet and mouth for holding thread while making them. He was at Panagarh and Bishnapur while the 492nd Bomb Sq. was stationed there.

MILTON MURRAY,
Brooklyn, N.Y.

Much in Retrospect

● I am like most of the comments, a booster for Roundup. The magazine renders much in retrospect the happenings that now seem a fantasy that occurred during the reign of the sinews of WWII. I was on DS in the CBI as a base censor in military intelligence for 2½ years. Was stationed at Luliang, APO 430, as the most permanent assignment. Roundup is doing a most commendable job!

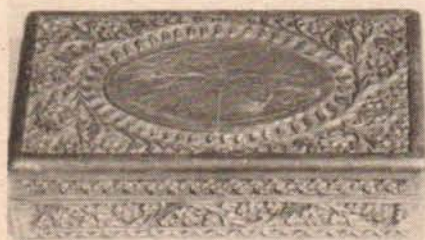
WILBUR A. McALISTER,
Cardington, Ohio

Wants Back Issues

● Would appreciate hearing from anyone who has these back issues of Roundup which they would like to sell: Sept. & Dec. 1947; Mar., June, Dec. 1948; Mar. & June, 1949; and Mar. 1950.

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Covered candy dish	3.40
Cigarette Box, 5"	3.75
Ash tray, 3"	.45
Persian Coffee Pots, 8"	4.50
Persian Coffee Pots, 5"	3.15
Oblong tray, 8x12"	3.50

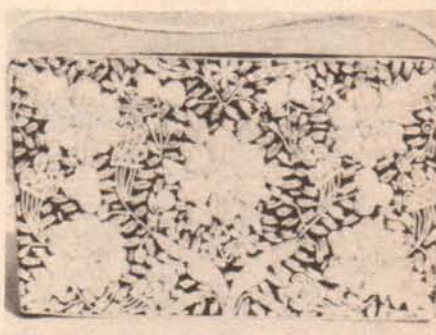
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